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A Monthly Magazine

Vol. XVII AUGUST, 1896. No. 10.

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1896.

	PAGE.
Salem Witchcraft. IV.	B. F. Cummings, Jr. 585
A Typical Case. A Story of the Boom. II.....	J. S. 596
Oration.....	George Sutherland. 604
The Sandwich Islands Country and Mission. IX	Marvin E. Pack. 608 ^h
Song.....	Susie Young Gates. 614
College Department.....	615
I Will Repay.....	Ixion. 618
Why the Jellyfish is Boneless.....	R. V. C. 628
Folklore of Yucatan	Crotaties. 629
Getting on in Life.....	632
Latter-day Saints' College.....	633
John Stevens' Courtship. A Tale of the Buchanan War. XI.....	Homespun. 634
EDITORIAL: Abraham H. Cannon.....	J. Q. C. 644
An Inviting Field.....	645
Seven Sermons.....	Nephi Anderson. 646

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PROSPECTUS

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VOLUME XVII,

—OF—

The Contributor.

—1895-6.—

We are pleased to announce the following as some of the leading features of Volume Seventeen of THE CONTRIBUTOR. It is the determination to make this magazine occupy the front rank in our home literature, and we trust this effort will find encouragement in the liberal patronage of the public.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH will instruct and interest our readers with some articles descriptive of

Early Days in the Valley,

which will contain reminiscences of his valuable though oftentimes trying experiences as a boy and man in Utah.

My First Mission,

will be the title of some articles from the pen of APOSTLE FRANCIS M. LYMAN, wherein he will give an account of his interesting experience of traveling "without purse or scrip," and many marvelous incidents connected with his ministry abroad.

APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT will narrate in a series of illustrated articles the incidents of a

Visit to the Moquis,

made by himself and APOSTLE BRIGHAM YOUNG. These papers will portray in a remarkable manner the care and power of God which accompanied these Elders. The customs of this Indian tribe will also receive attention.

Salem Witchcraft,

A succinct historical account of this remarkable feature of New England colonial history; theories and explanations of its phenomena, offered by leading writers; treatment of the subject from the standpoint of a Latter-day Saint, by B. F. CUMMINGS, JR.

ELDER MARVIN E. PACK will prepare a series of illustrated and highly interesting papers on

The Sandwich Islands Country and Mission.

These articles will give a brief historical account of this group of islands, review some of the customs of the people, and describe the past labors of our missionaries and the present condition of the latter-day work.

Twelve papers will be furnished by ELDER JAMES H. WALLIS on

The Consistencies of Mormonism.

These will be most ably written, and are designed to furnish arguments in favor of the truth for our missionaries and those who are called to defend our religion.

My School Days at Ann Arbor

Will receive treatment by ELDER RICHARD R. LYMAN who recently graduated as a civil engineer from this noted Michigan school with high honors. These articles will be illustrated.

College Department

The Latter-day Saints' College in Salt Lake City, will be represented by a department which will be supplied with essays and other articles from students and teachers. These productions will represent, as far as possible, the actual work of the College and will pass through the hands of the Principal, who will see that everything used is of a high order.

The Musical Department

Will be in charge of Professors JOHN J. McCLELLAN and WILLARD DONE. A graded series of musical compositions, original and selected, will be published, including solos, duets, quartettes and choruses chosen with special reference to their adaptability to M.I.A. work. Home composers are earnestly invited to send their productions to the editors of this department.

M. I. Manual, Part III,

By MILTON H. HARDY and GEORGE H. BRIMHALL, committee on compilation.

M. I. Work,

A series of articles on practical work in the Associations, by MILTON H. HARDY and GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

The Study of Self,

A series of articles by GEORGE H. BRIMHALL and MILTON H. HARDY.

Association Intelligence

In this department will appear all instructive or interesting matter pertaining to M. I. A. work, including answers to questions, reports, suggestions, etc. We particularly invite all active workers in the Associations to assist by their literary contributions in making this department of prime importance.

The Eisteddfod

Prize Male Quartette,

For which THE CONTRIBUTOR gave a \$25.00 cash prize, will appear in this volume of the Magazine.

John Stevens' Courtship, a Tale of the Buchanan War, is the title of a deeply interesting serial story which will be continued through the whole volume; its author is our versatile and talented friend SUSA YOUNG GATES (HOMESPUN), whose already published narratives have been of so much interest.

Ideal Manhood: Some Suggestions about it.

This will be the title of some articles containing valuable suggestions to our young men who have an ambition to do or be something in the world. The author is a long resident of Utah, but desires his identity concealed and will consequently write under the *nom de plume* of SIMPLEX.

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ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XVII.

AUGUST, 1896.

NO. 10.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

III.

AMONG writers on Salem witchcraft, Rev. C. W. Upham, heretofore freely quoted, easily takes precedence. His lectures, first published in book form in 1831, passed through several editions, when, in 1867, they appeared with their matter so greatly augmented, that they filled two good-sized volumes. Other editions, still further enlarged, have since appeared, and the work is a standard one upon the subject.

In elaborating a theory by which to account for the Salem delusion, this author refers to the history of past ages and peoples, showing that mankind has always been prone to believe in supernatural, invisible and spiritual beings, good and bad, and their interference in human affairs. In past ages, when the inhabitants of all nations existed in what was a state of dense ignorance, in comparison with the enlightenment of our time, there were now and then individuals who possessed intelligence above that of the masses, and by it they penetrated the secrets of nature, discovered some of her hidden laws, and by pretending to have had superhuman aid, or to possess supernatural powers, were easily enabled to perpetuate and impose upon the superstition of the common people. He says:

"Everyone, indeed, who could discover a secret of nature, and keep it secret, was able to impose himself on the world as being allied with

supernatural powers. Hence arose the whole host of diviners, astrologers, soothsayers and oracles. After having once acquired possession of the credulous faith of the people, they could impose upon them almost without limit. * * *

In this manner we account for the origin, and trace the history of the Chaldean priests in Assyria, the Bramins of India, the Magi of Persia, the Oracles of Greece, the Augurs of Italy, the Druids of Britain, and the Pow-wows, Prophets, or 'Medicines,' as they sometimes called them, among the Indians.

"It is possible that the witches mentioned in Scripture were of this description. Neither in sacred nor in profane ancient history, do we find what was understood in the days of our ancestors, by witchcraft, which meant a final and actual compact with the great prince of evil beings. The sorcery of antiquity consisted in pretending to possess certain mysterious charms, and to do by their means, or by the co-operation of superhuman spirits, without any reference to their character as evil or good beings, what transcends the action of mere natural powers.

"The witch of Endor, for instance, was a conjurer and necromancer rather than a witch. By referring to the twenty-eighth chapter of I. Samuel, where the interview between her and Saul is related, you will find no ground for the opinion that the being from

whom she pretended to receive her power was Satan. Saul, as the ruler of a people who were under the special government, and enjoyed the peculiar protection of the true God, had forbidden, under the sanction of the highest penalties, the exercise of the arts of divination and sorcery within his jurisdiction. Sometime after this, the unfortunate monarch was overtaken by trouble and distress. His enemies had risen up, and were gathered in fearful strength around him. His 'heart greatly trembled,' a dark and gloomy presentiment came over his spirit, and his bosom was convulsed by an agony of solicitude. He turned toward his God for light and strength. He applied for relief to the priests of the altar, and to the prophets of the Most High, but his prayers were unanswered, and his efforts vain. In sorrow and apprehension, he appealed to a woman who was reputed to have supernatural powers, and to hold communion with spiritual beings; thus violating his own law, and departing from duty and fidelity to his God. He begged her to recall Samuel to life, that he might be comforted and instructed by him. She pretended to comply with his request; but, before she could commence her usual mysterious operations, Samuel arose! and the forlorn, wretched and heart-broken king listened to his tremendous doom, as it was uttered by the spirit of the departed prophet.

"I have alluded particularly to the witch of Endor, because she will serve to illustrate the sorcery or divination of antiquity. She was probably possessed of some secret knowledge of natural properties; was skillful in the use of her arts and pretended charms; had, perhaps, the peculiar powers of a ventriloquist, and by successful imposture, had acquired an uncommon degree of notoriety, and the entire confidence of the public. She professed to be in alliance with supernatural beings,

and, by their assistance, to raise the dead.

"This passage has afforded a topic for a great deal of discussion among interpreters. It seems to me, on the face of the narrative, to suggest the following view of the transaction: The woman was an imposter. When she summoned the spirit of Samuel, instead of the results of her magic lantern, or of whatever contrivances she may have had, by the immediate agency of the Almighty the spirit of Samuel really rose, to the consternation and horror of the pretended necromancer. The writer appears to have indicated this as the proper interpretation of the scene, by saying: 'That, when the woman saw Samuel, she cried with a loud voice;' thus giving evidence of alarm and surprise totally different from the deportment of such pretenders on such occasions; they used rather to exhibit joy at the success of their arts, and a proud composure and dignified complacency in the control they were believed to exercise over the spirits that appeared to have obeyed their call. Sir Walter Scott took this view of the transaction."

Upham traces the history of witchcraft from remote ages, citing many examples of it in different countries, and exhibiting much erudition and research in his historical treatment of the subject.

Speaking of the witnesses in the Salem cases, he says:

"Whatever opinion may be formed by the moral or mental condition of the 'afflicted children,' as to their sanity or responsibility, there can be no doubt that they were great actors. In mere juggling and sleight of hand, they bear no mean comparison with the workers of wonders, in that line, in our own day. Long practice had given them complete control over their countenances, intonations of voice, and the entire muscular and nervous organization of their bodies; so that they could at will, and on the instant, go into fits and convulsions,

swoon and fall to the floor, put their frames into strange contortions, bring the blood to their faces and send it back again. They could be deadly pale at one moment, at the next flushed; their hands would be clenched and held together as with a vice; their limbs stiff and rigid or wholly relaxed; their teeth would be set; they would go through the paroxysms of choking and strangulation, and gasp for breath, bringing froth and blood from the mouth; they would utter all sorts of screams and unearthly tones; their eyes remain fixed, sometimes bereft of all light and expression, cold and stony, and sometimes kindled into flames of passion; they would pass into the state of somnambulism, without an aim or conscious direction in their movements, looking at some point, where was no apparent object of vision, with a wild, unmeaning glare. There are some indications that they had acquired the art of ventriloquism; or they so wrought upon the imaginations of the beholders, that the sounds of the motions and voices of invisible beings were believed to be heard. They would start, tremble, and be pallid before apparitions, seen, of course, only by themselves; but their acting was so perfect that all present thought they saw them too. They would address and hold colloquy with spectres and ghosts; and the responses of the unseen beings would be audible to the fancy of the bewildered crowd. They would follow with their eyes the airy visions, so that others imagined they also beheld them. This surely was a high dramatic achievement. Their representations of pain, and every form and all the marks and signs of bodily suffering—as in the case of Ann Putnam's arm, and the indentations of teeth in the flesh in many instances—utterly deceived everybody; and there were men present who could not easily have been imposed upon."

Referring to another phase of the subject, Upham says:

"There is another aspect that perplexes and confounds the judgments of all who read the story. It is this: As it is at present the universal opinion that the whole of this witchcraft transaction was a delusion, having no foundation whatever but in the imaginations and passions; and as it is now certain, that all the accused, both the condemned and the pardoned, were entirely innocent, how can it be explained that so many were led to confess themselves guilty? The answer to this question is to be found in those general principles which have led the wisest legislators and jurists to the conclusion that, although on their face and at first thought, they appear to be the very best kind of evidence, yet, maturely considered, confessions made under the hope of a benefit, and sometimes even without the impulses of such a hope, are to be received with great caution and wariness. Here were fifty-five persons who declared themselves guilty of a capital, nay, a diabolical crime, of which we know they were innocent. It is probable that the motive of self-preservation influenced most of them. An awful death was in immediate prospect. There was no escape from the wiles of the accusers. The delusion had obtained full possession of the people, the jury and the court. By acknowledging a compact with Satan they could, in a moment, secure their lives and liberty. It was a position which only the firmest minds could occupy. The principles and the prowess of ordinary characters could not withstand the temptation and the pressure. They yielded, and were saved from a terrible and impending death. * * *

"An examination of the confessions shows, that, when accused persons made up their minds to confess, they saw that, to make their safety secure, it was necessary to go the whole length of the popular superstition and fanaticism. In many instances they appear to have fabri-

cated their stories with much ingenuity and tact, making them tally with the statements of the accusers, adding points and items that gave an air of truthfulness, and falling in with current notions and fancies. They were undoubtedly under training by the girls, and were provided with the materials for their testimony. Their depositions are valuable, inasmuch as they enable us to collect about the whole of the notions then prevalent on the subject. If, in delivering their evidences, any prompting was needed, the accusers were at their elbows, and helped them along in their stories. If, in any particular, they were in danger of contradicting themselves or others, they were checked or diverted. In one case, a confessing witch was damaging her own testimony, whereupon one of the afflicted cried out that she saw the shapes or apparitions of other witches interfering with her utterance. The witness took the hint, pretended to have lost the power of expressing herself, and was removed from the stand."

It ought to be said, in connection with Upham's comments respecting those who confessed, that six women in the village of Andover, near Salem, who admitted their guilt and thus secured immunity, when the excitement was over, united in a written statement, which, on its face, goes far to absolve them from blame, and which probably explains sufficiently why most if not all who confessed, did so. The document is as follows:

"We whose names are underwritten, inhabitants of Andover, when as that horrible and tremendous judgment, beginning at Salem Village, in the year 1692, by some called witchcraft, first breaking forth at Mr. Parris's house, several young persons, being seemingly afflicted, did accuse several persons of afflicting them; and many there believing it so to be, we being informed that if a person was sick the afflicted person could tell what or who was the

cause of that sickness. John Ballard of Andover, his wife being sick at the time, he, either from himself, or by the advice of others, fetched two of the persons called the afflicted persons from Salem Village to Andover, which was the beginning of that dreadful calamity that befell us in Andover, believing the said accusations to be true, sent for the said persons to come together to the meeting house in Andover, the afflicted persons being there. After Mr. Barnard had been at prayer, we were blindfolded, and our hands were laid upon the afflicted persons, they being in their fits, and falling into their fits at our coming into their presence, as they said. Some led us and laid our hands upon them; and they said they were well, and that we were guilty of afflicting them. Whereupon we were all seized as prisoners * * and forthwith carried to Salem; and by reason of that sudden surprisal, we knowing ourselves altogether innocent of that crime, we were all exceedingly astonished and amazed, and consternated and affrighted, even out of our reason; and our nearest and dearest relations, seeing us in that dreadful condition, and knowing our great danger, apprehended there was no other way to save our lives, as the case was then circumstanced, but by our confessing ourselves to be such and such persons as the afflicted represented us to be, they, out of tenderness and pity, persuaded us to confess what we did confess. And, indeed, that confession that it is said we made was no other than what was suggested to us by some gentlemen, they telling us that we were witches, and they knew it, and we knew it, which made us think that it was so, and, our understandings, our reason, our faculties almost gone, we were not capable of judging of our condition; as also the hard measures they used with us rendered us incapable of making our defense, but said anything and everything which

they desired, and most of what we said was but in effect a consenting to what they said. Sometime after, when we were better composed, they telling us what we had confessed, we did profess that we were innocent and ignorant of such things; and we hearing that Samuel Wardwell had renounced his confession, and was quickly after condemned and executed, some of us were told we were going after Wardwell."

Speaking further of those who confessed that they were witches, Upham says:

"There can indeed be hardly a doubt that, in some instances, the confessing persons really believed themselves guilty. To explain this, we must look into the secret chambers of the human soul; we must read the history of the imagination, and consider its power over the understanding."

He then proceeds to explain that persons who confessed were honest, simple-minded folk, who were so overwhelmed with the evidence against them, and with the emotions of shame, fear and horror which their circumstances and impending doom excited, that their reason and judgment gave way to such an extent that for the time being, the only explanation any of them could form in their own minds of all the horrors that surrounded, confronted and threatened them, was that they, in some manner not understood by them, had incurred the guilt of which they stood charged.

Upham's views and theories were very generally accepted by the religious and intelligent people of New England, as being a correct solution of the whole subject of witchcraft; and, with perhaps some modifications growing out of modern spiritualism, they are so esteemed up to the present time.

In 1831, the year in which Rev. C. W. Upham's lectures on Salem Witchcraft appeared in print, James

Thacher, M. D., A. A. S., of Plymouth, Mass., a man of learning and prominence, published a work, having general reference to the same subject, entitled: "An Essay on Demonology, Ghosts and Apparitions." One quotation discloses sufficiently for present purposes, the theory of the work:

"That our Creator has power to employ celestial spirits as instruments and messengers, and to create supernatural visions in the human mind, it would be impious to deny. But we can conceive of no necessity, at the present day, for the employment of disembodied spirits in our world; we can hold no intercourse with them, nor realize the slightest advantage by their agency. To believe in apparitions, is to believe that God suspends the law of nature for the most trivial purposes, and that He would communicate the power of doing mischief, and of controlling His laws, to beings, merely to gratify their own passions, which is inconsistent with the goodness of God. We are sufficiently aware that the sacred spirits of our fathers have ascended to regions prepared for their reception, and there may they remain undisturbed till the mighty secrets now concealed shall be revealed for our good. The soul or spirit of man is immaterial, and of course intangible and invisible. If it is not recognizable by our senses, how can the dead appear to the living? That disembodied spirits should communicate with surviving objects on earth, that the ghosts of the murdered should appear to disclose the murderer, or that the spirits of the wise and good should return to proffer instructions to the vile and ignorant, must be deemed unphilosophical."

These views are in harmony with those of Upham, and were very generally held by scientific men in New England during the first half of this century.

Samuel P. Proctor read a paper

before the Essex Institute, November 14th, 1856, giving a history of the life of Rev. Samuel Parris, and his connection with the witchcraft epidemic, in which the statement is positively made that most of the accusing girls, whose names and ages are given, had, prior to the first arrests for witchcraft, been in the habit of holding meetings or circles for the practice of palmistry, fortune-telling, etc., and that the parents and guardians of some of them, among whom was John Proctor, afterwards executed, objected to these meetings. Proctor, who was the guardian or employer of Mary Warren, one of the girls, one day said he "was a going to the village to bring Mary Warren, the jade, home; for if let alone, these girls would make us all Devils and Witches together quickley. They should rather be had to the whipping post; but he would fetch his jade home, and thrash the devil out of her." According to Fowler, Proctor said, when Mary was first taken with fits, he kept her close to the spinning wheel, and threatened to thrash her, and then she had no more fits; but the next day, he being gone from home, she had her fits again.

Fowler adds: "If the accusing girls had been dealt with as John Proctor would have had them, we probably should have had a short story to tell, about Salem witchcraft." Fowler makes no attempt further than this at a formal theory by which to explain or account for the phenomena displayed by the girls.

James Russell Lowell wrote a pamphlet on witchcraft in 1868. It is a historical review of the subject, written in a vein tinctured with humor and flippancy. It attempts no philosophical elucidation of the subject further than to convey the impression that the author regards belief in the existence of the black art, a mere superstition, not justified by any known facts.

A. H. Currier, in the *Congregational Review* for May, 1869, published an article which probably reflected the views of a great majority of the members of the denomination in whose interest the magazine was maintained. Speaking of the behavior of the afflicted girls he says:

"But we think it was not all deception. The fits and convulsions were not all sham. We are of the opinion that more or less of what they did was done under a hallucination. It will be remembered that they began with meeting at Mr. Parris's for the practice of palmistry, fortune-telling, magic and sooth-saying. This circle had been carrying on their operations two or three months before they attracted attention. We are disposed to think that, in this time, from dealing with ideas and performances of a supernatural character, they got into an excitable, morbid, hysterical condition, in which such manifestations are common, and may be had at will. Practice gave them facility, and at length the things they did were really something remarkable. They did not pretend, from the outset, that their strange and painful experiences arose from their being bewitched.

"This was the opinion, first, of the village physician, and then the ministers. As soon as this belief was expressed, then the question was, who are the witches? And the children were urged to declare their names. In the morbidly nervous state they were in, it is not strange that they should have fallen in with the opinion given by others, and imagined it to be a fact, and cast about for names and persons suitable to be charged. Persons in such a state of mind imagine all sorts of things, which, to a sober man, seem absurd, but to them solemn verities. Had the doctor and ministers not said they were bewitched and urged them to tell who did it, in our opinion what is known as the witchcraft delusion

would never have occurred. But how—though the idea was thus introduced and acted upon by the children—how, it will be asked, was the delusion kept up so long, and able to deceive judges, ministers and people? It was mainly through the consummate acting of the children.”

We now come to the theory of a writer who treats the subject in the light of modern developments in hypnotism, etc., who is a scholarly man and gifted with a keenly analytical mind. We refer to Barrett Wendell, assistant professor of English at Harvard College, who read a paper before the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., Feb. 29, 1892, entitled: “Were the Salem Witches Guiltless?” Mr. Wendell recounts some of his own experiences while engaged in investigating “occult phenomena,” better known as spiritualism, including materialization, trans-mediumship and automatic writing. Speaking of materialization he describes the apartment in which the mediums operated, and declares that materialization impressed him as “indubitable fraud from beginning to end.”

He says of the impressions of a visitor at such a seance: “Next you remarked that, knaves and charlatans as the mediums seemed, they seemed knaves and charlatans of a specific kind. There was no doubt in your mind that they lied to you and tricked you, but I for one could never feel satisfied as to how thoroughly they were aware of the exact extent of their falsehood—as to whether, beneath all this nonsense and rascality there were not lurking some mysterious subjective experience that had to them a semblance of fact. Finally, you felt a growing sense of debasement in such surroundings. The uncanny insincerity of the mediums, the gross superstition of the believers who formed the circle, the meaningless words and conduct of the materialized spirits—never indecent but always petty,

trivial, low—led me by and by heartily to agree with a friend who declared that while he did not for a moment believe these were spirits at all, he had no shadow of doubt that if they were spirits they were devils.”

He describes an interview he once had with a trance-medium, a lady of high character, and says: “In a sitting with her of some two hours I remarked that, in a vague kind of way, she seemed to follow my line of thought. * * The correspondence between what I knew and what she told me was never exact enough to convince me of anything remarkable, but it seemed close enough to warrant me, if I had believed in mind reading, in classing her conduct as mind reading, once for all. When the time came for her to emerge from this trance, she had a startling fit. Amid the contortions which accompanied what she asserted to be the departure of the spirit which had controlled her, she fell on her knees with a cry of terror, and clutching me begged me not to let *it* take her away; and she looked with every appearance of agonized alarm, at an empty corner of the room from which she shrank away; you would have said she saw the devil himself waiting for her. In a very short time she resumed her natural condition, at first rather dazed, and declared that she had no idea whatever of anything that had happened since she first went into the trance state two hours before. The most remarkable thing to me about her was that in her normal condition she was the sort of person whom you instinctively believe to speak the truth. * * My own impression was strongly that she was an honest person, in a very abnormal state, honestly self-deceived; and in this abnormal display, and in this self-deception was a quality of debasement, more subtle, less tangible, than I had found in materialization, but, if you granted the supernatural hypothesis at all, equally diabolical.”

He proceeds to describe experiments made by himself, in automatic writing. At first his hand, holding a pencil, would scrawl "queer tremulous lines, then letters, then words. * * The first word my hands thus wrote was 'sherry.'

"That it would write 'sherry' I had no idea. To this point I had been incredulous that it would actually write anything at all. 'Sherry' once written, I began to feel more interest in what it might write next. And then soon followed an experience that determined me to give the matter up. In the first place, I found that experiments in automatic writing left me in an irritable, nervous condition for which I can find no better name than demoralized. The whole fibre of character seemed for the moment weakened; will, intelligence, self-control, temper, were alike inferior things after the experiments to what they had been before. In the second place, I found that very soon I could not be quite sure whether I actually let my hand run unguided, or whether I slyly helped it write. And whenever that doubt arose in my mind, there always came with it so strong an impulse to deny its existence, to assert that I had no idea what I was about, that I found myself for the moment a completely untrustworthy witness. In other words, the further I got in my very slight excursion into occult experiment, the further I was from intelligence, veracity and honesty. The definite result of these experiments for me was a conviction that no man's word about automatic writing, at any rate, is worth the breath that utters it. The thing is not all fraud—there is something very queer about it; but not the least phase of the queerness is that it is constantly, increasingly credulous, tricky and mendacious.

"In reflecting on these three experiences, I found them by and by grouping themselves as three stages of what I may call a specific mental or moral disorder. The first and

simplest was the automatic writing, whose ill effects induced me to abandon the whole thing. The second was the mediumistic trance in which a woman, whom I believe honest in her natural character, hypnotized herself, and in the hypnotic state became perhaps abnormally perspicacious, and almost certainly a dangerous charlatan. The third was the elaborately, dishonest mummery of materialization, where the fraud was so palpable that it seemed almost indubitable from beginning to end. But, comparing this deliberate fraud with the simpler phases of occultism, that I had observed, I found myself more and more disposed to believe it a kind of deliberate fraud, in all respects debasing, into which I could easily conceive an originally honest person to be unwittingly led."

After the foregoing experiences, Prof. Wendell, 'had occasion to read the original evidence in the witchcraft trials. And what most impressed me with that evidence was its startling familiarity. The surroundings were in all respects different from anything I had known. In a century, and a society far more remote from us in condition than they are in time, certain unhappy people were bringing against others more unhappy still, charges that involved their lives. But the controlling spirit, the atmosphere of this grotesque tragedy, was something I had known in the flesh. Whoever has frequented materialization seances, and who then reads with sympathetic imagination, the broken records of the witch trials, can hardly help admitting, I think, that these things are of the same kind. There is fraud in both—horribly tragic fraud then, grotesquely comic fraud now—but in both the fraud is of the same horribly vaporous kind; and in both there is room for a growing doubt whether there be not in all this, more than fraud and worse. If there be, that mysterious thing is subtly evil beyond words; if there

be an incarnate spirit of evil, then that mysterious thing is the direct work of that spirit. The nineteenth century has discarded the devil; to the seventeenth century, at least in New England, he was just as real as God. And the sin that transcended all other sin that could be done by the fallen children of Adam was the sin of those who, despairing of Heaven, leagued themselves before their time with Hell."

Professor Wendell reviews the incidents and evidence of the witch trials, and by a process of inductive reasoning, which space will not admit of giving in extenso, he reaches the conclusion not positively, but as a hypothesis, that the girls who were the chief witnesses, and perhaps some of those who were convicted and executed, had been making experiments in hypnotism.

He quotes from the record of the trial of Rebecca Nurse, to show that when she bent her head sideways, the head of Elizabeth Hubbard, one of the afflicted and accusing girls, was bent likewise, and that when someone straightened the neck of the defendant, the neck of the witness was immediately straightened, etc. Commenting on this he says:

"This tells nothing whatever against Rebecca Nurse. What it tells against Betty Hubbard would have seemed a few years ago merely that she was a deliberate and unprincipled trickster. Today, I think, it goes far to suggest a much less simple state of things, namely, that Betty Hubbard was a hypnotic subject, so far gone as to be instantly affected by the slightest suggestion from a person on whom her diseased attention was concentrated. And it is typical of what occurred throughout the sessions of the witch courts. I am no expert in hypnotism, but what little I have read and seen of it so exactly corresponds with so much that is in this witch evidence, that I should be gravely surprised if experts who examined the evi-

dence did not find the evidence going far to suggest that almost all the bewitched were probably victims of hypnotic excesses.

"It is only in recent times, I believe, that careful study of the still mysterious and dangerous phenomena of hypnotism has tended to show that it depends far more on the subject than the operator, and that a good subject, by careful concentration of attention, can hypnotize himself. That the bewitched sufferers at Salem often hypnotized themselves, is highly probable."

Prof. Wendell rejects modern Christian theology, and accepts evolution as accounting for man's origin. But as will be seen by what has been quoted above from his paper, he has expressed a keen perception and robust condemnation of the evils of the different forms of occultism, psychology, or spiritualism—which ever term may be used—that he has referred to, and he certainly has plausible reasons for associating the witchcraft of two hundred years ago with the modern manifestations he has so well described. His theory, in brief, is that the phenomena of what was formerly called witchcraft is pretty much the same thing that is now called hypnotism; and that there is a probability that some who were accused, and especially the witnesses, had been guilty of reprehensible conduct in practicing experiments in that line.

B. F. Cummings, Jr.

SINCERITY, a deep, great, genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.

THE secret of many a man's success in the world resides in his insight into the modes of men, and his tact in dealing with them.

A CHEERFUL heart paints the World as it finds it, like a sunny landscape; a morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, and dark as the "shadow of death."

A TYPICAL CASE.

A STORY OF THE BOOM.

II.

GRESHAM's decision to remain in Salt Lake inspired him with a new interest and enthusiasm, and he plunged with half boyish excitement into a dozen new speculations and schemes. May and June passed and the boom, though losing something of its dizzy velocity still gave promise of holding out indefinitely, and Gresham, in his pride of newly adopted citizenship, took pleasure in airing his confidence in the permanence of the present prosperity by keeping up his investments, adding frequently to his "collections" in real estate, spite of some whispered predictions of coming collapse, and putting money besides into several manufacturing and mining ventures that had been started since the commencement of the boom.

The whirl of business, the looking into and attending upon his various enterprises had so far kept him from making any formal attempt to renew his acquaintance with Claire Redwyn, and it was purely by chance that their first meeting occurred.

It was at Garfield, in the first warm days of July.

The Saltair Beach had not yet blossomed into a successful rival, and Garfield was enjoying the benefit of being the chief watering-place at the lake. Joining the throngs who daily crowded the cars, Gresham went out one day, and after his bath walked down the long wharf leading from the shore to the pavilion, to watch the dancers who were whirling about the waxed floor to the music of the band. As he made his way to the west end of the hall, he caught a glimpse of Claire Redwyn standing alone near the railing. There was no chance for mistake in regard to her identity. Though she was now twenty-eight years of age her face and figure were strangely girlish, the only change in her appearance being

an expression of gravity and thoughtfulness, added to the delicate spiritual beauty which he so well remembered.

She was engrossed with the sunset scene before her, but as Gresham stood near her irresolute, hesitating as to whether to intrude upon her, she turned slightly and met his gaze. For an instant she looked inexpressively, half in doubt as to her impression, then, as he came towards her, a swift look of recognition came into her eyes. She held out her hand as he approached, and Gresham noticed with a glad, half-wondering thrill, the crimson flush that spread suddenly over her pale cheeks.

They talked frankly, though both were somewhat self-conscious, and Gresham wondered sensitively if the slight, tremulous quiver of her lip now and then, was caused solely by a pitying memory of the pain and disappointment she had dealt him in the old days.

They talked till the bell of the engine told the signal of departure for the train, then as a party of acquaintances came towards Claire, Gresham said good-bye to her and turned away.

It was two weeks before he saw her again, and this time it was at the lake as at first. They stood together on the pavilion looking at the Black Rock house some two blocks away, and as the place was familiar to them as the scene of some pleasant excursions in the past years, Gresham ventured to propose a stroll in the direction before train time. Claire consented, and they walked the short distance on the railroad track, which ran along the steep shores of the lake to the house near Black Rock.

Standing at the edge of the low beach in front of the deserted house, they talked long and earnestly.

Claire's frank admission revealed the old common story of mistake and

misunderstanding, pique, and misinterpretation of his long silence, and the influence of stronger wills about her, bringing about the circumstances of her estrangement from him and her unhappy marriage.

The mutual confession of each could, of course, have but one ending, fortune having favored them, as it does but few, with an opportunity to amend the malicious misdoings of Fate.

They were married in the following October, and Gresham utilized one of the best pieces of property left on his hands by the ebb of the boom for a home.

During the summer the excitement had gradually dwindled out, and the fall, and following spring, both of which seasons had been eagerly looked forward to with hopes of resuscitation, passed in a quiet, that lapsed into absolute lethargy during the two following years. The division on party lines brought a brief glow of hope for change, a flame which, however, blew out after the municipal election.

Gresham's manufacturing enterprises were abandoned through sheer necessity, and his numerous properties—impossible to sell even at a sacrifice—were, like a diabolical man of the sea, upon his back.

The fact was that the actual prospects to which his eyes opened with a realization of the permanent stagnation of the boom, were desperate enough to be appalling. Of the large fortune he had possessed three years before, over two-thirds had been invested in Salt Lake real estate, and the rest was rapidly evaporating in the payment of extortionate taxes, and the interest on mortgages he had been forced to assume in order to keep up work on his gold mine in Mexico, a claim for which, two years since he had exchanged his silver mines in Colorado. His Denver real estate he had sold at a sacrifice to make some payments due on several pieces of property bought by

a young half-brother, the son of his mother's second marriage, and who had speculated largely under Gresham's direction, the latter wishing to give him a start. The result was that the beginning of 1893 found Gresham with little else in his possession than his expensive mine, and his acres of unsaleable land, as a reminder of his once prosperous circumstances.

He had decided, as the only means of relief, to make an effort to sell his mine in Mexico, though Cleveland's election promised a brilliant prospect to gold owners. But his present circumstances rendered it necessary to put an end to his great outlay, which, through some mismanagement of the men who were in charge of his mine, was yielding exceedingly unproportionate profits.

Deciding to look after it personally, he took a trip to Mexico early in March, leaving Claire at home in company with a sister-in-law, who was to stay with her until his return.

Five months of anxious effort, proved the futility of his hope in his mine as a means of relief, its present showing making it impossible for him to find a purchaser except at a sacrifice which involved a loss of half the money he had already expended upon its development.

His anxiety and ill luck were beginning to tell heavily upon him, and he came back to Salt Lake looking thin and haggard.

Claire was a great comfort to him with her quiet faith in the future, though the prospect, indeed, was now so black as to present no seeming possible escape from the crash which threatened to sweep everything they owned and leave them penniless.

As if, however, the fates had conspired to render Gresham utterly desperate, the ray of comfort which he enjoyed in the assurance of Claire's devotion and sympathy, was also taken from him.

It commenced in this way:

He had gone out to Saltair one evening, the beautiful Moorish Pavilion having sprung out of the sea in his absence, like some magic transformation wrought by the wave of a wizard's hand. Claire, who had been out to the new watering place several times during the week, had decided today to stay at home, and Gresham went alone, returning home on the ten o'clock train. The street car brought him within a half-block of home, and walking up from the corner to the house, he paused suddenly at the gate, startled by the sight of an unexpected and unexplainable vision. The windows of the sitting-room, usually left open for the fresh air till they retired, were down, and the blinds drawn close; and through the light, transparent texture of the latter, two figures appeared—one, the slender, graceful figure of his wife, the other, a man, tall, broad-shouldered, and totally unfamiliar. His arm was laid caressingly about Claire's shoulders; and presently, as Gresham still stood watching, spellbound, he bent his head and touched her forehead with his lips.

Gresham started forward with a choked cry. He found the front door locked; and, reaching an unsteady hand for the bell, he gave a sharp, fierce ring. One, two, three minutes he waited, then Claire came and opened the door. Her natural, and light greeting, somewhat reassured him, and answering her in a half-unconscious way, he strode before her into the room. There was no one present, but one of the French windows, opening out onto the porch at the side of the house, was ajar, and Gresham could distinguish the sound of footsteps retreating along the paved path leading around to the gate.

He turned silently and looked at Claire. She did not meet his glance at once, but went to the window and closed it, then turned to him quietly, asking him some simple question.

There was some constraint in her manner, but nothing whatever of confusion, and Gresham watched and listened to her calm talk in dazed silence. He could not force himself to question her—the strangeness of the whole affair, in fact, seeming to stun his faculty for clear thought or decision. Had he had wisdom to speak to her, the secret which she was half-tempted to reveal, spite of her pledge given a few moments before, would have made all right, and served to save Gresham from the most anguished trial of his life. Ignorant of what he had seen, she could not of course guess his suspicions; and putting away her impulse to confide in him, in conscientious remembrance of her promise, she remained silent.

His own constraint did not attract her particular notice, as she was lately used to seeing him silent and pre-occupied—a habit which had grown on him since the accumulation of his financial difficulties.

Gresham stayed awake all night, while Claire slept placidly—the other troubles which had been wont to occupy his usual nocturnal vigils, overshadowed by this new and worse denouement.

He stayed at the office all the next day, taking his lunch and supper at a restaurant, and going home only after Claire had retired. So it went on for a week.

He was at the office one day when a note came to him from Claire, saying that she was going with her sister-in-law and the latter's children to Saltair, and asking him to join them at the depot in time for the 3:15 train. Gresham had too much business on hand to afford the afternoon's holiday, and sent a reply to that effect. He toiled over his documents and letters until nearly seven, then, finding himself too weary to keep on with the work, he ate a hasty meal at the restaurant, and caught the street car in time to take the last train to Saltair. Arriving,

he wandered about the great pavilion for sometime before catching sight of anyone he knew; then, presently, he saw Fanny, Claire's sister-in-law and her children, seated near the souvenir counter at the opposite side of the hall, and started to go towards them. He did not see Claire, but supposed that she would be probably somewhere in the vicinity.

He started to cross the hall, when Bolter came up and accosted him.

"Looking for Mrs. Gresham, Brent? I saw her about ten minutes ago, walking down the south promenade. Asked if I'd seen anything of you."

Brent said "all right," and went out along the elevated promenade to the tiny pavilion at the end of the crescent, scanning the groups that he met on the way, their faces being but faintly discernible in the dim, moonlit darkness. He reached the end without seeing her, and was about to retrace his steps, when he heard her voice coming from somewhere below him. Looking over the railing, he saw her standing on the platform beneath, and with her, the man, whose figure he had seen outlined on the blind that night at his home. Their faces were turned from him, and they were talking in low, indistinct tones.

Gresham stood silent for a moment and then walked back to the pavilion. He felt strange and unlike himself. The trouble he had been through for the last year, seemed to have unnerved him in some way, and tonight, ill and weary with his work, he seemed incapable of experiencing any violent anger or emotion.

The rage and indignation which he would once have felt, together with his usual faculty for clear thought and quick decision, would have served to make a hasty end of the strange affair, which was adding its torture to his many troubles. Now he seemed conscious of but a

dull misery, which did not permit him either to act or reason like himself.

He went down to the counter for a suit and went into the water. Coming out, he walked to the end of the platform leading towards the shore, and sitting down on one of the piles of lumber, smoked his cigar in loneliness till the train started for the city. He felt half-cowardly in thus trying to evade Claire, but the thought of the strain of meeting her before strangers, with this secret in his thoughts, seemed unendurable. He would wait until they reached home, and then—then there would be an end to it all.

He rode home in the foremost car and did not see anything of his wife during the homeward trip.

Reaching home, he found a telegram awaiting him from Golding, the president of the company to whom he had tried to sell his Mexican mine. It was dated from Chicago, and read as follows:

"Your proposition in regard to Eagle-eye claim up again before Board of Directors on Tuesday. Can you be present to confer? Answer at once. *D. D. Golding.*"

"Address, Commercial Club Rooms, Auditorium Building, Chicago."

Gresham almost shouted his relief; not only at the hope conveyed in the news of the re-opening of the subject which he had supposed permanently settled, but as well, also, for the temporary escape which his absence would afford from the denouement of this new trial, whose settlement he believed meant eventually a permanent separation between himself and Claire. He took time only to pack a valise, hoping to make the twelve o'clock train for the East, which would enable him to reach Chicago in time for the business conference on Tuesday—and went away, leaving word with the

servant to have his trunk packed and forwarded in the morning.

Claire, who had taken time to help Fanny home with her brood of little ones, came home a half-hour later to find that he had left without a word or note of farewell, and went to her room to pass a sleepless night, brooding miserably, as she had done throughout the entire, wretched week, upon the strange coldness and marked avoidance which had been Gresham's attitude towards her during the entire time.

Gresham had believed that the present outlook had decided Golding to make some concessions from his former stand, which would perhaps enable him to accept their propositions without absolute sacrifice; but, to his disappointment, he found Golding and the others ready with a compromise whose terms he could not touch, and though from their evident eagerness to complete a deal he hoped for an ultimate settlement which would concede something like justice to his demands, the time they consumed in quibbling, and their exasperating method of proceeding, brought him almost to the verge of distraction.

He stayed along through September and October, waiting for them to write, and to hear from Delano, the superintendent of the mine, in regard to some disputed point relative to the status of the work—Delano answering with enough ambiguity, to keep the proceedings hampered and delayed; and in the meantime telegrams from Bolter were flooding Gresham every day with imperative demands for money to stand off various seizures threatened by his legion of creditors, until Gresham was well nigh his limit of sanity.

He had gained an inkling that Golding was working on some knowledge of his financial circumstances, and desperate though he was for money—enough, in fact, to have made him yield for anything

save this condition—his understanding of the scheme made him stubborn in his determination to keep to his announced decision, whatever the result. It ended as he had expected, in their finally shutting down on the affair which they had failed to carry according to their own preconcerted plan.

He spent two weeks longer in Chicago, trying to wake up some other monied men to a consideration of a purchase, but the times were too hard to make any of them feel safe in embarking in large ventures, and Gresham finally took the train for home, knowing that his last hope had failed. This certainty, with the thought of what awaited him at home, almost maddened him, so utterly hopeless and wretched were his future prospects.

Claire had written him twice during his absence, sympathetic and loving letters, hinting at his neglect and coldness, but excusing it with the generous impulse which came of her knowledge of his state of mind. These letters he had failed to answer, putting off with a sort of hopeless dread, the task of telling her his knowledge of her treachery, till it should be inevitable; and therefore, upon his return, she met him with a reflection of the pride and reserve he had evinced towards herself. He arrived early in the morning, and had no opportunity of conversing with her during the day, Bolter appearing almost immediately after breakfast, and claiming his time and attention till nightfall, for the settlement of the legion of financial problems which were awaiting his solution.

One of the best pieces of property he had owned had already been claimed by the mortgagee; the interest on his favorite Capitol Hill property was due today, and five men were clamoring for the balance due on lots upon which he had already expended too much to be able to give it up now without enormous

sacrifice; but whose claims, in the present state of his affairs, were impossible enough to appear ludicrous.

He had at present belonging to him seventy-five dollars in cash, the only money left him from an amount raised by a second mortgage on his home, and with no possible means of obtaining more. He gave this to Bolter to pay interest on the Capitol Hill property, which he hoped to save at all hazards, as the one most likely of attracting a purchaser, and this done, braced himself for the crash that must follow his inability to meet the rest.

It was 9 o'clock before he left the office, and as he walked homeward, he turned his myriad troubles over in his mind till his brain seemed on fire. He had still his worst trial to meet, the dreaded interview with Claire, and the thought of the result filled him with unutterable regret and misery: He was surprised and somewhat disappointed, however, when he went in to find that she was absent, on some errand to Fanny's house, having left word, though, that she would soon return.

Gresham went to their room and sat down in a chair by the window. He did not light the gas, but sat in darkness, thinking. Oh, for some chance—some miraculous event that could turn all this trouble back, or wipe it out and leave him care-free, as he had been once. In heaven's name how was it all to end? Failure, ruin, starvation, perhaps, and a divorce, with a life spent apart from Claire. He started to his feet with a groan.

"I am a fool!" he said aloud fiercely. "There is only one way out of it, and if I hadn't been crazed all this time, I'd have seen it before!"

He walked the floor wildly for a moment, then went to his desk in the corner. His pistol was locked in one of the drawers, and he turned the key and took it out, placing it in his pocket. Then he went down

stairs hastily, fearing to meet Claire, and taking his hat from the hall rack, went out of the house. As he walked down town he thought the whole affair out carefully. Claire would have to face nothing that she would not be obliged to meet if he lived, and then, too, with himself out of the way, she would, no doubt, soon have some one better able, perhaps, to take care of and provide for her. He would of course leave a note for Bolter, telling him to use means to secure a home for her, and that would end the whole miserable affair. The thought brought an involuntary sigh of relief from his lips. He walked on slowly, soon reaching the building in which the office was located, and going up the flight of stairs went quietly through the dim hall to the door.

As he turned the key and stepped noiselessly inside, a strange sight met his gaze. The safe belonging to the office, in which his valuable papers were stored, stood in the corner of an inner room, and by the dim light coming from the low gas jet lit above it, Gresham saw a figure kneeling before the safe, busily intent upon trying to force the lock. The man had not heard him enter, and Gresham stood close by his side before he became aware of his presence. When he suddenly turned, with a startled and white face and saw the pistol in Gresham's hands the man dropped back upon his knees with a quick prayer for mercy.

"Don't shoot!" he whispered excitedly, "I'll give myself up." Then suddenly, with a strange look of relief, ejaculated: "Why, it's—it's Mr. Gresham."

Gresham did not know the face of the man before him, but there was something familiar in the broad shoulders and straight, tall figure, and the next moment his doubt was set at rest by the man himself.

"Mr. Gresham," he faltered, "I acknowledge that I have attempted to commit a grievous wrong, and of

course deserve punishment, but you don't know how desperate I am, nor what it means to me, if this is made public. I know I haven't any personal claim on your charity, but I am going to ask you for my sister's sake to let me free."

Geesham's face turned deadly white. "Your sister," he said, with his lips trembling—do you mean"—
"I mean Claire."

Gresham turned and sat down in a chair, and the man rose to his feet.

"I suppose she has told you nothing?" he asked. Gresham shook his head, and the man commenced and told him his story.

He was Claire's eldest brother, and had left Utah twenty-one years ago, when he was a boy of nineteen. The cause of his absence was that he had had trouble with some man in the old days which had resulted in a quarrel in which he had been obliged to fire at his assailant in self-defense. The affair terminated fatally, and he had been advised, in consequence of the unfair prejudices existing amongst those who would have the management of the case, to leave the place and keep in hiding rather than stand the chances of an unfair trial. This he had done, remaining in Montana until this last summer, when he had ventured to return secretly to Salt Lake, his desperate circumstances compelling him to apply to his relatives for aid.

He had gone first to Claire, who apprised him of the state of their own circumstances, and afterward to Park City, where he had since been picking up odd jobs in order to be able to live. He had come back to Salt Lake in order to consult Judge L——, an old friend of his father's, in regard to the question of his standing trial for the old offense, being worn out with his long experience of fear and hiding. The Judge had appointed a meeting at 9 o'clock at his office in the building, and he had come, but made a mistake in the floor, stumbling into this office in-

stead, the door of which he had found ajar. Finding no one there he had finally looked at the number above the door, discovering his mistake. Going up to the third floor, he had found a card pinned on the Judge's door stating that he would be unable to keep the appointment—a double disappointment to himself, as he had hoped to obtain permission to sleep there for the night, being absolutely without means for providing for a lodging.

On his way down stairs he remembered the open door, and had gone back to the room, tempted to run the risk of appropriating the room for his night's rest. Once inside, he had seen the safe, and desperate from his absolute want and hopeless outlook, determined to force the lock in hopes of finding something to reward his effort.

As Gresham listened to his story a curious feeling took possession of him. The vast load of burdens that had been crushing him, seemed suddenly to have been lifted from his shoulders, and the sensation was something as if one should suddenly be released from the law of gravity and able to mount without effort into the air. His senses, which had been so dazed and aching, suddenly became quiet, and clear vistas of thought opened out to him like a vision. His first aim was to get back to Claire, as if the meeting with her would be the finale to all perplexities.

He left Redwyn in the office for the night, at the choice of the latter, asking him to breakfast at home with them in the morning, and then with light footsteps made his way swiftly towards home.

It was in many respects a new life which opened to Gresham the next morning. Through the long, wakeful night, thoughts had come to him to which he had never before given heed. The frightful temptation and crisis to which he had been brought by the strain of his troubles, gave to

him, instead of a sense of self-sympathy and pity, a conviction of blame and almost criminal responsibility.

He realized that nearly the better part of his life had been devoted to selfish pursuits, to "getting and spending," and enjoying the advantages of the easy fortune which had fallen to his lot, with hardly a thought for the more serious and important question which, in reality, comprise the actual value of existence. The fact that he had been brought so near the weakness and crime he had contemplated, gave him an actual realization of how deeply his life had been engrossed with purely material interests. He would not permit himself to plead Claire's part in his recent troubles as an excuse; he knew that though the trial had indeed been a cap-sheaf to it all, that the true blame lay at the door of his business worries—the morbid fear and anxiety and disappointment, eating day by day into his manly and moral courage, till he had become, by degrees, a fit and inevitable prey to any insane impulse that might suggest escape from their torture. His last trial—the fear and suspicion in regard to Claire—had, in fact, been the ultimate means of his redemption; the unexpected deliverance from its burden proving to him the littleness and separateness of other concerns, compared to those which were of moment to his inner, personal life—the heart-interests, which no outward circumstances need touch, and beside which everything must be as dross.

It was a Sabbath sun that dawned upon Brent Gresham's newly-found peace of mind, and, yielding to a new and serious impulse, he proposed to Claire to accompany her that afternoon to her Church.

The question of religion had been tacitly avoided between them, their difference in belief being understood and respected by each respectively; but Claire had never ceased to hope and believe that her husband

might come to see and accept the truths she believed in, and could not but read, in this new and sudden attitude on his part, an answer to her fervent prayer and faith.

As the two entered the Tabernacle for the first time together, from the great organ, rose the strains of the "Pilgrim's Chorus," and the clear, tremulous notes, so like the sound of angels' voices, moved the man harrassed with doubts and cares, into an almost ineffable sense of peace and abiding heavenly protection. The sermon which followed was by one of the most gifted of the Church speakers, and, to his surprise, Brent heard from the Mormon pulpit, a discourse which would have been considered a masterpiece of oratory and logic from the most eloquent of the world's noted divines; and when it was over, he left the building with a conviction, that inspiration, and naught else, must dwell with a people, the mouthpiece of whose doctrines, could furnish such a discourse without previous thought or preparation. His prejudices, which in former times were deep, had been during the closer associations of his last coming gradually dwindling down, and, as Sunday after Sunday, yielding to an attraction he could not resist, he sat in the great Tabernacle and heard the doctrines of the Church expounded, and sensed the deep and absolute faith in all their utterances, doubt gradually yielded to belief and belief to conviction, and before a new year came, Claire witnessed the fulfillment of a faith that had upheld her in making her marriage—that the man she had chosen for her husband, would one day be brought to an acceptance of the truth.

After that last pre-eminent strain and trial, with its ensuing explanation and peace, Gresham's affairs had gradually bettered, though many sacrifices were made; and when, early in the spring of the next year, a New York syndicate made a gen-

erous proposition for his Mexican mine, the old outlook of poverty and struggle was closed and the vista of a prosperous future opened before them. But not for all the world's wealth would Brent have exchanged the lesson and result of his

days of trial. To him the logic of it all was in one utterance, coming in times of old, from the lips of the inspired Teacher:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you."

J. S.

ORATION

DELIVERED AT THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY, MAY, 1896, BY GEORGE SUTHERLAND, ESQ.

IT IS exceedingly gratifying to have this opportunity of meeting and addressing so many of the old students of the academy and so many of the new ones as well.

Reunions of this kind are beneficial in a double sense; they afford the opportunity of renewing old associations and old friendships, and they operate as milestones in the great highway of life at which we may rest for a breathing space from the hurry and turmoil of the every day existence, and mark the progress we have made. They awaken a flood of memories. What marvelous changes there have been since I and many of those I see before me first entered this institution. So stealthily and unobtrusively have they come, that it is only by means of a retrospective pause at the end of a long period of years that we can realize just how many and how vast they are.

Where are the old boys and the old—I apologize, I will not say the *old* girls—but the girls of the old days? What have become of the old ambitions, the splendid dreams for future success, the plans, the hopes, the prophesies, the dim visions of a world waiting in breathless impatience for our conquering feet? With some, the dreams and hopes have been realized in full heaped and rounded measure; with some the future still beckons with rosy and alluring fingers; with many the dreams

are buried in the graves with the dreamers where mortal hopes are forever ended and mortal dreams do not come any more.

It is now seventeen years since I entered this academy as a student. Not so long ago as older men measure time, but so long it seems to me, that it comes to me now dim and shadowy and far away, like an old story half forgotten, or the vision of a half remembered dream. Not so long ago, after all, but so long—such a builder up, and such a leveler down is time—that I look today upon the faces of young men and young women who at that day lay in their cradles blinking at the sunlight and staring with wide-eyed wonder at their new and marvelous surroundings, without a thought of such a thing as Greek or Latin or history or mathematics in the whole round world. Years are brief things, and life itself but a pitiful span between the ocean of two eternities, and he who would stand upon the sunlit heights of gratified ambition is reminded that time flies nor waits for any man. He is admonished that he must "work while it is called today for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

The most gratifying of the many changes that have come is to see the great advancement made in the old school itself. The students of this day have a splendid building, a fine laboratory, an excellent library, all

the thousand and one aids and conveniences of a modern institution of learning. In the old days we met in an old, dingy looking, two-story brick building fronting directly upon the principal business street of the city, the lower story of which had been originally designed for warehouses or shops, and the upper story for a theater, and combining the principal inconveniences of both. The library was composed very largely of useful but singularly unexciting reports of the patent office and interior department at Washington, D. C. The laboratory was a dark and dismal affair in one corner of the space between the floor of the stage of the theatrical story and the ceiling joists of the commercial department. To reach it was equal to a journey through the catacombs of Rome or the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. It was rich in unsocial mice and boasted of the most affectionate breed of cockroaches it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Into this secret chamber we were wont to penetrate like alchemists of old to learn the modern mysteries of the newer chemistry.

Academic "A" department was kept cool in cold weather and hot in warm weather by means of a huge, round bodied stove which swallowed a quarter of a ton of coal at a bite and called for more with such persistent and repeated iteration that the boy, whose sworn and solemn duty it was to lug in fuel from the coal shed in the backyard, grew prematurely round shouldered, and suffered from a constant and agonizing crick in the small of his back. What a wonderful boy that was! With what jubilant and satisfied pride, with what almost paternal affection he regarded that stove as long as the heat lasted, and how the expression faded away as the stove gradually cooled, and was finally replaced by such a look of gloom and black despair as I imagine comes to the face of one condemned, as the fatal moment ap-

proached for another trip to the coal shed.

The general entrance was at the side of the building, but there was a perfectly fascinating exit from the front door where there was a perpendicular drop of four feet straight to the sidewalk, which was in much favor, because the descent was not only exhilarating but was attended with the altogether exciting chance that one's limbs or one's neck might be broken in the attempt. Today the academy has companies of military cadets who march and maneuver in fine uniforms with all the weapons and paraphernalia of war, aided by competent instructors. I remember very well, in my first year, assisting to organize a military club or company which used to march about the back yard among the weeds and sunflowers, and whose sole idea of military tactics seemed to be to determine who could be most out of step and execute with precision the fewest number of orders from the superior officer. Even Professor Maeser, who sometimes took the leadership, was not a shining success as I remember, and I think Dr. Talmage—we called him Jim in those days—and Will King and Marion Tanner were the very worst marchers I ever beheld, unless it was John Redd and Lyman Robinson, who never could be made to understand the difference between an order to make double quick time and to run.

But while I have said thus much by way of pleasantry, I want just for a moment, earnestly and seriously, to say that though you may build fine structures with shining domes of copper, and glowing with polished wood and brass, and surround yourselves with complicated machines and apparatus, that the academy will never have within its walls more splendid, more earnest, vigorous, intelligent young men and women than were gathered there in its early history. The classes of those years have never been excelled either for

scholarship or for sterling worth. Their names have been written on the roll of honor of the old Territory and the new State. One of them served as judge of the Supreme Court with honor and distinction; another is recognized as one of the leading scientists of the great West, and, although still a young man, stands at the head of the State University. Still another has been recently elected president of the Agricultural College. Others have served as members of legislatures and in various other positions of public honor and trust. In all, the handiwork of the man who made the academy what it is, is to be plainly seen. It is no disparagement to others to say, that of all who have taught within these walls, Professor Maeser is incomparably the first. It has been his precepts, his teaching, his magnificent manhood that has been the guiding star and the inspiration of many a young heart swelling with hope and filled with splendid ambitions. To you and to me and to all of us, there will come a time when we shall stand upon the line which divides the vanities and the foibles of this world from the solemn mysteries of that which is to be. When that day shall come to him—as God grant it may not for many years—but when it shall come, he can lay his head upon his pillow for the last time, soothed and glorified by the thought, that in all the long days of his life, he has done no wrong to any man.

I have said more than I should have done of the old academy and the old students. Let me say a word of the students of today. Their eyes are turned to the future; they are forming plans, indulging in glowing hopes, dreaming radiant dreams as tens of thousands of boys and girls have done before, and as tens of millions will do after them. I earnestly trust that all the hopes may be fulfilled, that all the dreams may be realized and all the aspira-

tions gratified. But they will learn that the world is a very practical and selfish place. It takes no man on trust. It demands fulfillment, not promise.

There are many good, honest people in this world who look upon education as a modern humbug. They say that good farmers are spoiled by academies; that mechanics are ruined by universities. There is some truth in these claims. Too often a young man or young woman leaves school with a contempt for the plow and the kitchen. The remedy is not to cease educating our children, but to teach and enforce the dignity of labor. That a boy taken from the farm and given an education, never returns to the farm, but rather chooses to fail in some purely intellectual pursuit, is not so much the fault of his quickened knowledge as it is of the false standards he sets up for himself, or that are set up for him by others. He should be taught that all honest work is honorable. No man in all this world is more entitled to our regard than the toil-worn craftsman, whose back is bent and whose hands are seamed and calloused with the labor of his calling. He who plants a seed in the soil, who causes a blade of wheat to grow where otherwise a weed would flourish, who plants and tends and harvests that his fellow-man may be fed, is of all mankind entitled to our reverence.

“All true work is sacred—in idleness alone is their perpetual despair.” Not only should every boy and girl be taught that no honest work, whether of hand or brain, is degrading, but they should be taught, as a part of a liberal education, to perform both kinds. The education of no boy should be deemed complete until he has learned some useful trade; the education of no girl should be considered finished till she knows how to cook and sew and care for the household. Too many good farmers find a precarious

living in the legal profession; too many born mechanics are wasting their time as indifferent physicians or unsuccessful merchants.

Another thing I would have thoroughly impressed upon the understanding of every student, the absolute necessity of singleness of purpose. Every profession, every trade, every calling in life, by which men earn a living in this world is a jealous and exacting mistress. It demands our undivided effort. No boy can hope to succeed in any calling who does not give to it his unwavering devotion; striving always with the best that is in him to master its minutest details. The world is every day narrowing more and more the avenues of employment. The day of the jack-of-all-trades is over; that of the specialist is upon us. The man or the woman who would succeed in this age must be able to do one thing well. The world is becoming more exacting, demanding more efficiency, better service day by day.

There was a day when the family doctor not only ushered us into the world, ministered to our manifold ills and aches during life and officiated at our final exit therefrom, but also compounded his own prescriptions, brewed his own frightful mixtures, and eked out a scanty income by practicing law, pulling teeth, running a sawmill and fiddling for dances. The lawyer occasionally kept a store, or earned a portion of his living by the sweat of his brow as well as by the sweat of his jaw. But that day has gone by in Utah as elsewhere. Even the professions and trades are divided into specialties. We have among physicians, specialists for the eye, the ear and the throat; among lawyers, patent attorneys, land attorneys; and, of recent years, a class, who are a disgrace to the profession, who make a specialty of securing divorces. As competition becomes sharper and sharper, as machinery and mechan-

ism supplant hand labor, as the rush and mad struggle for place and position become keener and more selfish, it becomes more and more necessary that the effort of the individual should be restricted to narrower channels. Learn to do one thing and do that better than anyone else, and your financial success is assured. If you are a doctor, be the best doctor in your locality; don't try to be something of a doctor, a little of a druggist, something of a land surveyor, but be a doctor and a doctor only. If you are nothing but a cleaner of carpets, be the best, and you will be certain of employment, while poor carpet cleaners starve. I do not mean by this that you are to know nothing else but your own particular business. The world of literature, of art, of music, of science, is open to you in your leisure moments. No knowledge, which you may gain without sacrificing the time you owe to your chosen pursuit, will ever come amiss. But other things must always be of secondary consideration, your own profession or trade must always have your best and primary effort.

One other thing I would urge upon the student when he takes up the battle of life beyond the school-room, and that is, be yourself. Do your own thinking, form your own conclusions, be self-reliant, look the world in the face as an individual unit and not merely as a part of the mass. Learn to depend upon yourselves. When difficulties confront you, as they surely will, think them out and fight them out with yourselves, for yourselves. A difficulty, resolutely faced, is already a difficulty half-vanquished. There is nothing in the world more splendid than the strong, self-reliant man, beset with doubts, encompassed by difficulties, drawing about him the cloak of his own individuality, shutting himself in the chamber of his own soul, and there in the solitude and the silence, for himself and by himself, solving the

doubts and settling the difficulties with no aid save that of his own sovereign brain. From such a battle, the whole man emerges invigorated and strengthened. Future doubt and difficulty have no further terrors for him. They are met with courage and calmness and overcome with ease. But on the other hand, what is there so mean and small and insignificant as the man who perpetually distrusts himself? Who, when ever confronted by responsibility, weakly flies to another to point out the path of advance or retreat. Such a man is of no use in a world of thought and decision. He never originates, never leads, but always meekly follows. He has no conception of will or of resolve. Individuality, self-reliance, self-judgment, self-responsibility, are unmeaning terms in his vocabulary. With neither the strength to plan nor the courage to execute, he goes through life an echo of another's voice, a mechanical follower of another's will. There is something more pitiful in this world than to bear the yoke of physical slavery upon the neck; it is to wear the yoke of intellectual subserviency upon the soul. He only is a man, in all the world implies, who stands stout and firm in the armor of his own individuality, and meets every being in God's universe, with a steadfast consciousness of intellectual as well as physical liberty.

Since the last meeting of this asso-

ciation, the Territory of Utah has laid aside her old vestments and donned the sovereign robes of Statehood. Upon the young men and the young women who are trained in this and similar institutions within her boundaries, more than upon any other people, will depend the future. If we shall think for ourselves, act for ourselves, above all be true to ourselves, because to be that is to be true to every other being, if we shall follow with unflinching and unwavering courage, that which our own consciences approve, there will be builded in these rock-bound valleys of ours a glorious and a glorified commonwealth. The star of the new State shines upon the azure field of the old flag clear and undimmed. Let it be our aim and our effort, with all that is in us, to preserve its pristine splendor.

Let it shine on through the firmament of future years without stain and without reproach. We who have lived here all our lives, love, beyond all expression, her snow crowned peaks, her broad valleys, whose bountiful harvests laugh in golden ripples to the autumn breezes, her lakes and crystal streams and music making waterfalls.

And so loving this State of ours, fair as the garden of the Lord, it must be our effort and our aim to carry her ensign full high advanced, preserving it with all our souls and all our hearts, in purity, integrity and truth.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS COUNTRY AND MISSION.

IX.

WHEN Walter M. Gibson first landed upon the Sandwich Islands, June 20, 1861, he did not at once declare himself a Mormon missionary, but claimed for himself a literary reputation and delivered a number of lectures in Honolulu. He gave out for publication that he intended

to remain for a few weeks and travel about the islands.

He at once began the study of the native language, and soon afterward declared his mission. To the native Saints he represented that he had been called and delegated with special authority by President Young, not only to preside over the Church upon

the Sandwich Islands, but also, as he pompously signed himself, "Chief President of the Islands of the Sea, and of the Hawaiian Islands, for the Church of the Latter-day Saints."

He seems to have made rapid progress in mastering the language, for in the autumn of the same year we find him established at Palawai, the land of gathering, and from there directing the affairs of the Church. There were a few white men, members of the Church upon the Islands, whom he as completely deceived by his pretensions as he did the native Saints. In a letter directed to C. Wing, Bishop of the Church of J. C. of L. D. S., Honolulu, Nov. 1, 1861, he writes:

"Brother Ingraham is with us, and has been zealously helping the Church in carpentering work here. Fuller has proven himself mean and parsimonious. It is not right to cut a man off for meanness; but if other good brethren want to preserve a good spirit they ought not to associate with a mean, poor spirited man. I have found a better spirit in every other branch of the Church than at Honolulu. You do nothing but grumble in Honolulu. I am speaking of the Church. There is some of the spirit of Salt Lake on Lanai Maui, and Hawaii. I will do all the good I can for the Saints on the Hawaiian Islands with the little money they have contributed, and then I will sail for the Malay Islands." In another letter, Dec. 16, 1861, he says:

"I received a letter from Brother Brown who tells me that fifty-six have been added to the Church since Conference. These added to seventy-five baptized while Brother Cummings was on Kauai, will make one hundred and thirty new members on that Island within four months. The mission I sent to Hawaii have recently baptized twenty at Waipio and about thirty in Kohala and Hilo. These are all new converts."

By virtue of his commission from President Young he claimed independent authority to organize and establish the church upon the islands of the Pacific. He flattered the natives that God would establish for them "a strong Kingdom in the Islands of the Sea." To this end he proceeded to reorganize, or remodel the Church upon the Islands. He selected and commissioned Twelve Apostles, Seventies, Elders, Bishops, etc., charging for the certificate of election from one hundred and fifty dollars and less according to the importance of the calling. The following is a translated copy of the certificate issued to Kailihune, the Presiding Elder who had been left in charge of Palawai when the Elders returned home in 1858:

"To all men to whom this letter may come:

"This certifies that Kailihune is a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints, and is a beloved and true convert. And by this it is certified that he has been chosen to the high office of Archbishop of the Church in the Hawaiian Islands, and has authority to teach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to perform all the duties of the office to which he has been chosen.

"Therefore, I give our brother in love and truth this certificate of election, to each one in his several callings; and that you may offer your prayers with righteousness and gladness in the Kingdom of Christ.

"Written and sealed at Wailuku, Island of Maui, of the Hawaiian Islands, October 10, 1862, in behalf of the Church.

"[SEAL.] *Walter M. Gibson,*
"Chief President.
"*J. W. H. Kou, Secretary.*"

Kou was also appointed President of the Twelve Apostles.

Besides these "Damnable Here-sies" by which he made merchandise of the Saints he engrafted upon the Gospel many of the superstitious

practices of the past, when the people were groaning under the yoke of the chiefs and priests. He succeeded in inculcating in them such a lively awe of his own person that none dared to enter his house except upon hands and knees, the old manner of entering the presence of the royalty. Near by was a large rock which he hollowed out, and within which he deposited a Book of Mormon and other books and records, telling the people that this should be the corner stone of a great temple to be erected upon that spot. So thoroughly were they impressed with the sacredness of this spot that they implicitly believed that any person violating its sanctity by setting profane foot within the enclosure would be instantly struck with death.

Lanai was to be the land of Zion for the native Saints, and so great was the interest awakened among the people that they donated freely of their property and possessions to buy the land for the Church. Horses, goats, turkeys, chickens, and even household goods were among the contributions. In this manner large quantities of goods were accumulated upon the various islands, and the possession of a small vessel was an imperative necessity to get them to market. Writing to Bishop C. Wing, at Honolulu, November 1861, Gibson says:

"The Church needs a little vessel very much. Brother Eddy has been telling me about a sloop that is building in Honolulu which would be just the thing we want. * * * I want you to see the builder and offer him four hundred dollars complete. Make the offer in your own name and let me know what he will do. Now is the time to do something to buy land and get a little vessel to do the business of the Church. Those who do not help when they can will lose what they hold onto so closely, and will never find a welcome among the faithful and self-sacrificing Saints of Zion."

Finally his purpose was accomplished, the land was securely deeded to himself, for the Church, of course, he assured his confiding dupes. From time to time many of the Saints were gathered to Lanai, and the Church there was in a flourishing condition. It was then that Gibson began to tell the natives something of his future plans. The males were organized into companies and daily drilled in the arts of war by his direction, and they were told that when they were sufficiently prepared he would secure a vessel and sail with them to some of the South Sea Islands and subject them to the Saints, organize them, and with augmented force, continue to subject other islands and groups until he had established "*one great, grand empire*" over the islands of the Pacific.

The natives were credulous and easily imposed upon; they had been long left to themselves, and when Mr. Gibson came with letters and papers from President Young, they received him at once into their confidence; but his course, so different to that of those Elders who first brought the Gospel to them, began to awaken doubts in the hearts of some. At last several native Elders got together and wrote to one of the Elders who had labored among them, telling him some of the acts of Gibson, and asking for advice what to do. This letter was translated and put into the hands of President Young, and was the first intimation the Church had of the high-handed course of Mr. Gibson. In consequence, Apostles Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow were sent to the Islands to investigate and set the Church in order. And with them went Elders Joseph F. Smith, Alma L. Smith and W. W. Cluff, who had formerly labored as missionaries among the natives and were therefore thoroughly conversant with the language.

They arrived in Honolulu, March

27th, 1864, and on the twenty-ninth sailed for Lahaina, Maui, on the schooner, *Nettie Merrill*, Captain Fisher, from there expecting to cross the channel by boat to Lanai.

The sea was rather rough, but not alarmingly so; and when anchor was dropped in the roads about a mile from the shore, the brethren, with the exception of Brother Joseph F. Smith, who was oppressed with some vague, indefinite sense of impending evil, all went into the first boat that went ashore. The entrance to the harbor is a narrow passage between two submerged reefs, over which, in rough weather, the sea dashes in foaming breakers, making the landing difficult and dangerous. As they drew near the harbor it became evident that the sea was rougher than they anticipated, and yet, with a careless, disregard of danger, the captain permitted his native sailors to steer the boat quartering over the waves, instead of at right angles, as urged by Brother Cluff. The boat was lifted high on the crest of a huge wave and carried swiftly forward a few yards, where it was left in a very dangerous position in the trough between two mountain waves. The following wave, when it struck the boat, lifted the stern out of the water so that the steersman lost control of it, it was carried forward a short distance and overturned in the foaming sea.

Apostle Ezra T. Benson and Elders W. W. Cluff and Alma L. Smith succeeded in reaching the overturned boat and clinging to its sides until a life-boat put off from the shore and picked them up. The captain, whose main anxiety seemed to be a heavy bag of silver to which he tenaciously clung, and which dragged him to the bottom, was fished up by his sailors and supported in an unconscious state until taken into a life-boat and carried ashore, where he was re-

stored to consciousness by the usual remedies in such cases.

Apostle Snow could not be found, though the natives were swimming around and diving repeatedly in their endeavors to find him. At last he was discovered under the boat, and taken into the lifeboat, which had already picked up the other passengers.

There was little doubt in the minds of any that he was dead, as his rigid body was laid across the knees of his devoted brethren, but with a faith that withstood even the power of death they clung to him with supplication and prayer.

Arrived upon the beach they did for him what had been successfully tried with Captain Fisher, and more that was suggested by the spirit of God. The bystanders did what they could to assist, but as the moments passed without sign of returning life they gave it up, saying it was no use, he was dead. At last the brethren were impressed to simulate breathing, inflating his lungs by blowing gently into the mouth and drawing the air out again. It was nearly an hour after the accident when the first signs of returning vitality were discovered, and finally he recovered sufficiently to go with the overjoyed brethren to the house of a Portuguese, who had kindly proffered his hospitality.

Brother Snow gives his impression of the accident as follows:

"As we were moving along within some half a mile from the point where we expected to land, my attention was suddenly arrested by Captain Fisher calling to the oarsmen, in a voice which denoted some alarm, 'Hurry up, hurry up!' I quickly discovered the cause of alarm.

"A short distance behind us, I saw an immense surf, thirty or forty feet high, rushing towards us swifter than a race horse. We had scarcely a moment for reflection before the huge mass was upon us. In an instant our boat, with its contents, as though it

were only a feather, was hurled into the briny water, and we were under this rolling, seething, mountain wave.

"This was certainly unexpected. It took me by surprise. I think, however, that I soon comprehended the situation; that we were in the midst of the turbulent waters, a quarter of a mile from the shore, without much probability of receiving human aid.

"I felt confident, however, that there would be some way of escape; that the Lord would provide the means, for it was not possible that my life and mission were thus to terminate. This reliance on the Lord banished fear, and inspired me with hope up to the last moment of consciousness.

"Having been somewhat subject to fainting spells, I believe that after a few moments in the water, I must have fainted, as I did not suffer the pain common in the experience of drowning persons. I had been in the water only a few moments, until I lost consciousness.

"The first I knew afterwards, I was on shore receiving the kind and tender attentions of my brethren. The first recollection I have of returning consciousness, was seeing a very small light, the smallest imaginable. This soon disappeared, and I was again in total darkness. Again it appeared, much larger than before, then sank away and left me, as before, in forgetfulness. Thus it continued to come and go, until, finally, I recognized, as I thought, persons whispering, and soon after I asked in a feeble whisper, 'What is the matter?'

"I immediately recognized the voice of Elder Cluff, as he replied, 'You have been drowned; the boat upset in the surf.' Quick as lightning, the scene of our disaster flashed upon my mind. I immediately asked, 'Are you brethren all safe?' The emotion that was awakened in my bosom by the answer of Elder Cluff,

will remain as long as life continues: 'Brother Snow, we are all safe.'

"I rapidly recovered, and very soon was able to walk and accompany the brethren to our lodgings."

After a delay of two or three days at Lahaina until Brother Snow regained his strength the brethren hired some natives to take them across the channel to Lanai in an open boat, where they landed in safety on the evening of April 2nd.

A messenger was sent up to Palawai to inform Mr. Gibson of their arrival and with a request for horses to ride up in the morning. The horses were on hand early, and on the morning of the third, the trip to the settlement was made. They were received coldly by Mr. Gibson and also by the native Saints, who had been filled with distrust of their motives by him.

Conference was to convene on April 6th, so it was concluded to wait until then before doing anything. The time intervening was spent in laboring with Mr. Gibson and the native Elders, trying to turn them from their delusions, but without avail. It was found that he had ingratiated himself into the confidence of the people in a remarkable manner, and he was not disposed to forego his cherished plans.

When conference convened on the morning of April 6th, he made an excuse to come into the meeting after the brethren and the natives were in, that he might make a display of his power. When he entered every native arose and remained standing until he was seated. Ignoring the presence of the Apostles and brethren, he gave out the opening hymn. When Brother Benson, seeing how he wilfully or ignorantly set aside the authority of the priesthood, called upon Brother Cluff to pray. There could be no mistake in his spirit or intention when, after the second hymn, he rose at once and began speaking to the people. He told them he did not know why these

strangers had come so abruptly among them, and soon let them know that he and the *strangers* were antagonistic. He enlarged upon what he had done for the Saints. He came and found them without a shepherd, and he gathered them into a fold of love. He had made many improvements for their comfort, while these men, when they were here, had come among them and lived off their scanty substance. He craftily insinuated that the brethren had come to take away their rights, and yet they were not to fear for he would defend them. He closed by appealing to them to choose between him, their "father and friend," and these "strangers."

President Benson called upon Brother Joseph F. Smith to speak when Gibson had finished, and to speak more on general principles than in answer to him. Brother Smith spoke of the work that had been done by the earlier missionaries in introducing the Gospel among the people; how they had lived lives of privation and denial, that they might enjoy the blessings of the Gospel free and without price. The people began to see that Gibson was not all that they had thought him, and to lose some of their confidence in him, as was evident by their eager attention to Brother Smith's arraignment of him, for calling the men who had done all this, *strangers*, while he claimed the title of "*Father*." Apostles Benson and Snow spoke in the afternoon, Joseph F. Smith interpreting.

A Priesthood meeting was appointed for the evening of the seventh, at which it was generally understood the actions of Mr. Gibson were to be called in question; therefore the attendance was large. Charges were preferred against him for usurping authority and for departing from the rules and regulations of the Church. His answer was a similar harangue to the one delivered the day before, supple-

mented with a display of letters and recommendations from President Young, which he had covered with seals and ribbons to give them an air of importance. "Here is my authority," he said, "that I received from President Young. I don't hold myself accountable to these men."

President Benson replied to him and showed how he had departed from the Gospel, in making merchandise of the offices of the Priesthood, in introducing pagan superstitions into the Church, in his idea of establishing a temporal kingdom in the islands of the sea, etc.

It was hard for the natives to give up these visionary projects, for it was by them that they had been worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the impostor. When the vote was taken to disprove of Gibson's course, but one native Elder voted with the Apostles and brethren from home.

The result was gratifying to Gibson, but not entirely discouraging to the brethren. Brother Snow arose and prophesied that he would see the day that not one of the natives would remain with him, and that he would be thwarted in his soaring ambition.

The Saints were informed that when the Apostles returned home, Elder Joseph F. Smith would be left in charge of the mission, and all who desired to be considered in fellowship, would leave Lanai and return to their homes, when the branches would be reorganized.

The next day the brethren returned to Lahaina, where a council meeting was held and Mr. Gibson cut off from the Church, after which they returned to Honolulu, and about a week later, Apostles Benson and Snow sailed for the coast, leaving Elders Joseph F. Smith, Alma L. Smith and W. W. Cluff, to the task of setting the Church in order once more.

They found that they had not yet

learned the extent of Gibson's baleful influence when they began the labor. The people had been encouraged in hula dancing and other vicious practices, under the plea that it was proper to indulge in these *innocent* (?) diversions. In many places meetings had ceased and the meeting-houses had been sold by Gibson's advice for whatever they could get for them, two dollars being realized for one of them. The brethren were encouraged by seeing the natives forsake him and return to their homes. Finally none stayed with him, and Apostle Snow's prophecy was literally fulfilled.

Thus was Gibson thwarted in his ambitious designs of conquest; but as some slight recompense to his wounded pride, he still held possession of the land of gathering, as all the deeds were in his own individual name. Nothing was ever done by the government to bring him to justice, the prejudices of the officials (mostly white men), were against the Church, and therefore favorable to him.

With his ill-gotten gains he suc-

ceeded in stocking the land with sheep, and, taking up his residence there, became a shepherd, hence the name "Shepherd Saint of Lanai," applied to him by his enemies and political opponents. He succeeded once more in gaining the good graces of the natives and was elected for several terms in the legislature. In 1882, a list of subscriptions given by the natives to buy land on Lanai, and other documents exposing his crookedness there, were published by his political opponents, in their efforts to throw discredit upon him and his claims of being the friend of the natives, a claim that he was fond of making; but he seemed to thrive on their opposition, for he was chosen by King Kalakaua as his prime minister, much to the disgust of the white population. He carried his head high and was really the power behind the throne for several years, until there was a revolt in 1887, when the king was forced, among other things, to dismiss him. He fled in fear of his life to San Francisco, where he soon afterward died in exile.

Marvin E. Pack.

SONG.

Down through the canyons fresh and sweet
 Cometh the breath of morning,
 Up from the city's drowsy streets
 Whispers the full day's warning.
 Up, my soul and the day begin,
 The day with its passion and pain,
 Up, for the prize of life is to win
 In sun, in cloud or in rain.

The evening sky in twilight gold
 Gildeth the hills with glory;
 The hasting glooms with peace enfold
 The city's half told story.
 Hush, my soul, for thy day is done,
 Thy day with its struggle and fret.
 Hush, for the race for life is run—
 Thy rest and the night have met.

Susa Young Gates.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

REPRESENTING THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' COLLEGE, SALT LAKE CITY,

Being a partial reflex of the work done in the chief Theological College
of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

VALUE OF ETHICAL STUDY.

"The man has become as one of us to know good and evil."—*Pearl of Great Price*.

THE Gospel, which is a grand system of truths that reveal the most economical way to perfection, has for its chief function the encouragement of men to the proper performance of duty. This encouragement it gives through the revelation of the soul's immortality, of the existence of a perfect and all powerful ruler, and of man's exalted place in this great universe of ours. Without hope of immortality there would be a general discouragement, or the disastrous feeling that we should eat, drink and be merry today; without the second revelation there would be a fear that in the end righteousness might not occupy a just place; and without a belief that man may become as a God, knowing and loving all truth, beauty and goodness, and having power appropriate to this knowledge and love, we know that our souls could not rest. These are the things that learned men in our age, prompted by the accumulated thought of the race, propose as the knowledge which the soul must have in order to make the most of itself and as the knowledge that true religion should reveal. And this judgment is in perfect accord with the inspired analysis of the same problem made by Joseph Smith in his lectures on faith.

Our great Gospel leaves us in no doubt regarding any of these matters. Man is immortal; he will take his proper place in the march toward perfection; he can become perfect, even as a God.

These are the great inspirations to duty which the favored children of Zion have. The first two truths are merely hoped to be true by most men, and the third has not entered

the minds of any save a few who by diligent study of nature and man, perceive that this must be the goal of human life.

Thus it has been truly said that our people, having this great inspiration to do well, ought to be the best people in the world.

The Gospel is a perfect inspiration to duty. But what is duty? Is there an infallible guide to right action? During every moment of our waking hours the mind acts; every act, viewed in its ultimate relations, is either good or bad. Regarding the acts that are familiar, we will rarely have difficulty in feeling their moral quality. We desire to aid that barefooted, sorrowing orphan boy, and our soul quickly responds, "That is a good desire;" we envy our successful companion and wish him ill, and the soul is shocked at the thought. So all of us, having learned by experience much good from evil, can decide rightly in simple and customary action, but when action has a chain of results, or is in a new field, we sometimes hesitate long as to what is right, and frequently, unable to decide, we hope and act blindly, and only can determine the moral quality of our action from a view of its effects. We give the orphan boy money for shoes to protect his blood-stained feet, but the little fellow has already learned to have stronger and base desires, heredity impels him to a gratification of these, and he descends one step nearer to destruction. Some one has helped him downward; some one has done wrong. "My conscience is clear," says the giver, "I did no wrong." "You are right; you have done one more thing to establish the habit of charity in you and to build the love of aiding others in your soul," his mind may respond, "but if you aid in this manner again, you do wrong and you

know it well. In this experience I reveal another duty, which to do is virtue; study well the one you aid, love him and help him, but not to his destruction." "Do to others as you wish them to do to you," is often given as a general rule, but experience only can apply it. It was applied when the orphan boy was given money; it could only be applied later in withholding the gift. Last week my conscience impelled me to oppose a certain class of actions, but thinking over them and viewing them in the light of a new set of experiences, my conscience now forbids my opposition. During this entire day I have been hesitating over a course of action, the moral quality of which my experience does not enable me to determine. To ordinary mortals there is no infallible guide to action. This is only equivalent to saying that all men are fallible. What is called conscience has sanctioned, because it depends upon experience for its growth, nearly every crime under the sun, from the horrors of the inquisition, whose instigators probably did right if it was true, as they thought it was, that by torturing a very few, the bulk of the church would be saved from a damning heresy, down to many little mistakes all of us make every day in our ignorance.

To a great extent we are left to learn through experience with this universe, its inanimate objects, plants, animals, man and God, the duties we owe to them. We have duties towards inanimate things; we are regarded as stewards over them. We are told by the Lord that we will be held accountable for the use we make of our lands, etc. We have duties toward plants. Is it not a virtue to trim our fruit trees, to water and to cultivate them? In ultimate reference these duties to inanimate things are found to be duties to self. Still the action is healthier, if we refer these duties to the things themselves; this may even be said of

all duties. We clearly have duties to animate things, and our duties to each are unbounded. We cannot possibly learn them all during our short lives on this earth. What we do learn of our duties to things, we learn by contact with them, by acting in all possible relations with them. Who can learn the virtues of a neighbor, who spends his entire time upon a ranch where he rarely meets with other men? Who left to himself, could be kind, considerate, forgiving, honest, etc. Although a free agent, such a one could not show his character; he could not even develop it, but would remain a child.

One truth is well established, the soul develops only as it acts, and it learns to act rightly only by experience.

Our modern civilization is the culmination of all the great civilizations of the past. For ages men have studied the sciences. For a long time in their conclusions grave errors were made. But each year the truths that were hidden regarding our world have been becoming clearer and brighter, and are being bequeathed to us almost unalloyed. So it is with the science of ethics, or the science which is developed by a study of human action with reference to its moral quality.

I once heard an Elder say we should not study ethics, because it discusses some things that have not been established, and taught things which he thought were untrue. Had Copernicus not studied astronomy, because much that it taught in his time was untrue; had Newton followed the same principle, there would have been more untruth in the science than there is today. Errors have to be made in ethics, as in every science, before the truth rolls out into view.

Ethics now stands as do other sciences, a grand collection of the truths which are necessary to the complete unfolding of the human soul; it

excells them in that it more nearly concerns that development.

In striving to perfect ourselves, we may proceed in a desultory way; this way is long, but it will lead us toward the goal as long as a love of right prevails; or through a study of ethical science, we may proceed in a systematic way to study the laws of right. We may rest assured that these are two ways of reaching an end that all must reach sooner or later.

By a study of the truths of this science, our interest in moral action increases, our conception of the moral life will enlarge and grow more clear, and action will grow more healthful and satisfactory. Our duties, by the performance of which we develop ourselves, will be increased and enter entirely new fields.

One may have neglected his State, regarding her affairs with indifference. Now he perceives it to be the duty of every good man to see to it that her affairs are conducted honorably, that her officers are upright men, that the public burdens are justly distributed, that crime is punished, etc.; and if there is a failure in any of these respects, he does wrong if he does not proclaim against it.

One of the things I love about my religion is, that it encourages all of its believers to attend to these and other like duties, the preclusion of which makes so many dwarfed men in other religious communities. A man who only pays attention to his religious duties is a crank and is sure to shrivel up and become an object of dislike. I love to see my religious leaders engaging honorably in political, financial, social, industrial and other affairs of like character. It shows our religion to be so all embracing, and so adapted to the fullest development of man. It shows our conception of a saint to be that of a perfect man.

As duties in the light of ethics

are seen to extend to political fields so also they extend over the inanimate world, over all living things, over home and its comfort and adornments, over sanitary affairs, personal appearance, health, exercise, rest, time, industry, saving, truth, etc. Ethics clearly and systematically presents all these duties, their relative importance and claims, and shows us that happiness can only be had through the proper performance of all. It also enlarges the ideals of our life. To one, the greatest good is to provide bread for his family, to another it is to sympathize with and aid those in distress; to the student of ethics it is seen to be in the forgetfulness of self in the proper service of all mankind and God.

Ethics also is an incentive to the performance of duty; for it shows development to depend upon this performance, and happiness to depend upon development and the end of existence to be perfect happiness.

He is best and happiest whose duties are most inclusive; he who would save his life must truly lose it in the contemplation of our universe and in the service of mankind. He is truly greatest and happiest who died that all might live.

The full importance of this subject can only be seen after a study of ethics. Far more important, however, than a knowledge of this science, is the desire to do what is right and the power of will to do it. Knowledge is not character, but only one of its grandest tools. One may be quite well acquainted with the principles of the Gospel and still be a rogue. One of the greatest mistakes that we make is located right here; it comes up in the instruction of our children. We love the principles of the Gospel, and, forgetting that the Gospel is chiefly an incentive to perfection and not salvation itself, seek to crowd the mind with most abstract truths and are surprised to find it making so

little progress toward right action and with so little faith and love of duty. If it were not for the silent influences we exert in our devotion at home, in our Sunday schools and various associations, most of our children would grow up to be haters of religion, because so much attention is paid to dry knowledge and far too often to dead letters. My love of the Gospel I trace in a great measure to Sunday school; but all those discussions and proofs regarding free agency, repentance, faith, etc., and all that learning off by heart of passages from Scripture, of the Ten Commandments, of the Articles of Faith, etc., I hate and always did hate to think about. But how I used to wish I could be as good as my teacher was! How glorious was the light shed about by a Gospel that would make such great men! I used to feel. Thus the foundation for a religious life was laid.

Our Gospel is characteristic of us;

but the duties of life, whose performance it inspires, are common to all men; we differ from others chiefly in our greater incentive to dutiful action. What we want is character, the habit of acting rightly and promptly; we want character such as that possessed by him whose early death all Zion now mourns; how well fitted is such a leader to continue in the service of his God.

Our attention should be more directed to a study of ethics; of the principles of rightness and the results of their application; for only by a contemplation of results can a love of virtue be increased in us. And character is nothing but a love of virtue; without it we may at any time fail, will mistrust ourselves and cannot be relied upon by others. Through lack of habits formed, they can never be sure how we will act under given circumstances. With this love to fail in the performance of duty is almost impossible.

W. H. Chamberlin.

I WILL REPAY.

THE young man or woman who looks about them for the first time in recognition of life and its mystic meanings, reads the lesson thereof with weak, imperfect eyes. The young soul-eager for the immediate reward of every action, good or bad, sees the slow, moving forces of nature and the Law enthroned behind that mighty power, and he exclaims, oh, what injustice there is in this world! My son, He sees all, knows all, and neither you nor your brethren can escape His perfect power.

THE open door of the kitchen stood facing the yards and stables on that bright summer afternoon, many years ago, in one of the larger towns of Utah, and within the low-roofed kitchen, stood a young girl ironing. The heat of the fireplace, and the hot, stifling atmosphere of the late, summer afternoon had flushed her naturally pale cheeks to a rosy red.

Teresa Golding had few words for any of her friends, and only her

own mother guessed the heartache with which the young girl paced the slow march of her heavy labor.

The house lay in a large, half-cultivated lot, and although there were many young trees planted, there was little shade, for everything was new in the Territory. Three rooms below, and a long, low, half-storied chamber up above, was all the room there was; and in that home, twelve noisy, eager, mischievous, restless children played and worked. Back and forth, back and forth, paced the weary girl, stopping now and then to look out with longing, wistful eyes, as she passed by the one window which looked out upon the street.

"How many days is it, Teress, since Marvin came here last?" asked the mother.

"Ten days today," answered the girl listlessly.

Ten long, interminable days, in which life had ceased to be life, and was only existence. The first day or two, she had told herself that he would come in the evening, and again in the evening, she had promised her heart that he would come in the morning; for had he not been there every day, and sometimes twice a day, ever since that happy day in March, when they had plighted their troth to each other? And he would surely come.

But the days waited and watched with her, and even the hands of the old-fashioned, upright clock in the corner, seemed to go with infinite slowness, as if in sympathy with her watching eyes.

Ten days and he had never made a sign. She was sure that no ten years of her after life would be half so long as those awful, sickening, ten days.

"Here comes Marvin," yelled Mattie, the six-year-old girl, as she popped her head in the door to make her announcement.

Teresa's hand went to her heart, as it suddenly stopped its beating, and her mother instinctively stood up and held her, as if to prevent her from falling forward on the floor.

The young man stood outside the door, on the low, log step, his head bared in the hot, summer sun, and his face pale as the face of a spirit.

The children, his best friends, crowded around him with questions, and some shrewd, painful remarks, such as children who are not kept out of family secrets will always make.

He, too, instinctively drew his hand up to his chest, and buttoned his vest closer across his breast, as if to steady the painful throbbings which muffled his speech.

"I would like to see Teresa, Mis' Golding, if you don't mind, a minnit."

"Why, certainly. Mart, you kin

see her as long as you please, and welcome."

The young man colored and then was more deadly pale than before.

"I won't keep her more'n a minnit," he answered with difficulty.

"Well, you kin please yourself about that, Mart Grant; it makes no kind o' difference to me; and ef you and she are satisfied, I don't know of no one who has any call to kick up a row."

The girl had set her flat-iron down on the hearthstone in front of the glowing coals, thrown on her sun-bonnet, and now she stood in the door, only turning backward to speak to her mother, as she whispered:

"Mother, I guess we'll go behind the stacks; it's as quiet there as anywhere. And say, mother, try and keep the children up here, for they won't let us say a word if they get up there."

The mother promised, and the two young people, clad in homely, unpoetic home-spun and home-made garments, went out in the homely, unpoetic, everyday yards, and yet they were living through the silent, poetic tragedy which comes to lives of all stations, where love and sin, and bitter experience enter.

The young man led the way; and finding a cool, shady spot, behind the farthest haystack, he brushed away the willows and sticks left by children's play; and as the girl sat down, he crouched down beside her, his head between his hands, and both between his raised knees.

"Tess, I guess you thought I had forgotten ye, didn't you?"

"Maybe so," she answered evasively.

"Well, I haven't; and so far as that goes, I never can, in time or in all eternity."

The low, intense, vibrating passion in his tones entered her own soul and while it struck an aching chord of sympathy for him and his unknown sorrow, yet it pealed into her very

heart a hymn of praise and thanksgiving that she could hear him repeat that delicious vow.

She gasped a little, her own emotions were so overwhelming, and then she gently answered:

"I love to hear you say that, Marvin."

"Did ye think I could ever say anything else?" He turned on her his haggard, bloodshot eyes, and his hands twitched as he looked at her bowed head.

"My Lord have mercy on me, Teresa, but I would give ten thousand years, just to take ye in my arms and show ye in one minute how hungry my heart is for one kiss from your lips."

The girl was always modest, and reserved, but she was so hungry herself for that precious, loverlike embrace, that she whispered huskily:

"What's to hinder you from doin' it, Mart?"

For answer, the young man again bowed his head in his hands, and a torrent of dry, heavy sobs shook his whole frame.

"What on earth is the matter, Marvin?" the girl asked despairingly, after she had waited some time to see if he would not control his emotion and speak to her.

He ceased his sobs as she spoke, as if spent with violence, and then throwing up his hands over his head, he said in heartrending tones:

"Oh, Teresa, I'm a lost, wicked, ruined man. I aint no more worthy to touch you than the meanest Gentile that walks these streets."

The girl's form stiffened, and her voice was harsh and strident as she said slowly:

"I'd like to know what you mean, Marvin Grant. I don't enjoy your talk at all. Ef ye've got anything to tell, just out with it. It can't be worse than you make me suspect."

"You can't imagine how bad it is, Tess. And I don't suppose you will ever speak to me again, when I tell you the truth, as I've come to

tell you. I aint going to hide a single thing from you, and you'll see I know what I talk about when I say you'll soon hate me worse than any snake."

The girl said nothing, but her blue eyes dilated, and her face lost all its ruddy color, borrowed from her late labors and the loving emotions which had so overpowered her.

"I want to tell you, Teresa, that I am no longer the pure, virtuous man that I was when you first said you would be my wife. I've lost the dearest thing on earth, and that's my chastity. God knows what it has cost me, though."

The poor girl at his side, seemed to shrink and shiver as if some unseen current of winter air had chilled her slender form. But her lips were mute, and only the hard glitter of her eyes told how intense was her suffering.

"I can feel you shrink and shiver, Tess, and I don't wonder, for I've been through the remotest depths of hell ever since. I've shrunk from myself in the night, and hated myself with all the power of my soul in the day. I've shivered and shook when the hot air of noon seemed to blister my unfeeling flesh. Oh, you don't need to try and conceal your loathing of me, for I feel all the scorn you can ever do."

She listened with dull apathy to his fierce denunciations of himself, and she wished her throat wasn't so dry and swollen, so that she could speak and beg him to tell her the story and cease such useless ravings. She wanted to hear the story, the whole, wretched, damning story. She forgot that she was a reserved, diffident girl. She remembered only that she was a woman, with a woman's power to suffer and endure. She demanded the right to know how it was that her love had been outraged and her trust betrayed. But she could not speak.

The young man was silent for many minutes, as if to give her a

chance to speak, but she never uttered a sound, nor so much as moved a finger.

The silence became so oppressive, that the young man burst out at last as if to deaden his own thought with sound; with talk of some kind.

"You don't reproach me; you don't curse me; you don't even ask me what I mean by this crazy talk. But I know you must feel it, Teresa, I know you must."

Pausing a moment, to clear the huskiness in his throat, he went on.

"I said I was going to tell you all about it, and I am. I didn't expect to make such a botch of it, though. I thought I would just call you out here, and then in six words tell you the whole story, and leave with your curses on my head. But now that I am here, I can't no more draw myself away from you than as if you were a loadstone, and I was a stupid, soulless, dead bar of iron. Oh, God, Teresa, my heart will break."

Once again he paused, and dropping his head between his hands and knees, as if to shut out the sight of her accusing face, he went on in a dull, lifeless way.

"I suppose you know that Cyndie Barlow has been trying to make me fall in love with her for two or three years. You needn't wonder that I speak like this, as if I hadn't any modesty about me. I haven't now, not one grain. And I should think the whole town could see how she has run after me and tried to make me like her. I have been so tired of it I could have run away from home long ago; and I would have done so if it hadn't been for you. Well, its no matter now, I can run away without anyone to stop me. I aint agoing to soil your innocent ears with telling the whole horrible story, for you know nothing about men and their devilish wicked passions. Let it be enough to say, that Cyndie came out to the hay field a week ago last Monday, as she often did, and brought us men a jug of her strong homemade

beer. And after we had talked awhile—well, I lost my head, and what's worse, I lost all that a man holds dear—my virtue. Oh, I know how cowardly it is to even suggest that a woman was to blame. I know that a man should stand at the head of the woman, in virtue, as in everything else. I know, too, that I should have fled from the accursed place with more than eager feet. But—well—I didn't. I am not going to ask you to remember that Cynthia is six years older than me, nor that she has had a bad name, kind o', for several years. Of course, all this is nothing to clear me; I know that. But Teresa, I would give the very blood out of my heart, this moment, to undo that one hour of time. I would gladly thrust the knife in my own heart and spill the blood here at your feet, if I could thus atone for the awful act. And since that, during these nine, sleepless nights and dreadful waking days, I have more than once resolved to thus end it all. Of course, I know that that would only make my crime double in the sight of the Lord, and I shrink from adding any more to my eternal load."

The girl raised her head and looked at her companion, as if to judge for herself whether all that he said came from the very depths of his heart, or only from the fear lest he might lose her. The sincere grief and repentance she saw in his face seemed to satisfy her.

"Marvin, I have heard our Elders say, that it's a great deal harder to live our religion than to die for it. Don't you think you can better atone for your deed by living it out, shame and all, than to cowardly like, put an end to yourself?"

He looked into her pale face, and then dropping his eyes, he whispered.

"Oh, I don't know what I think; I guess I don't think; I just suffer."

They sat thus, silent, and in inward horror of themselves and their

own future, because of this that had happened. Then the girl, with raised eyes and head lifted, said quietly.

"Marvin, I don't know that anybody else on earth would believe you in what you say. For our people are always quick to blame all such things on to the man, and I think they are right about it, too. It is much worse for the man. But," and her eyes shone with a peculiar light, "I want to ask you one question, Marvin. Suppose I tell you that a few years ago, I led into sin myself, and that I have earnestly and sincerely repented thereof, and that now, I have proven by years of rectitude that I am sincerely repentant, what would you say? And suppose, too, that you had never committed that awful act, and that I asked you to take me with that one black spot on my soul which time could not efface, and yet which a lifetime of repentance and good works may possibly avail to clear me from in eternity, what would you say to all this?"

The man lifted his head in dumb astonishment at these singular words, and gazing into the calm, sphinx-like eyes of the girl before him, he dully wondered what she was trying to do. But it dawned on him at last, the import of all that she was saying; and, with first a certain quick loathing glance, he looked long into those quiet, blue wells, and after what seemed years of struggle and thought on his part, he said slowly:

"My girl, if such a thing could be as that I was once more pure and innocent, and if such a thing could be," and just at this moment the girl dropped her head as if in silent shame; "and if it is," he added, as if her movement had struck a deadly conviction to his soul that she was in earnest; "and if it is, Teresa, my dear, that you, too, have fallen from the grace of God and from the innocent heights of your own soul, yet would I take you in my arms and

try to prove to you that I could forgive one sin, and help you to forgive yourself; for I know that you could not sin deliberately, and God would some day forgive your one moment of forgetfulness. Is it so, my girl?"

He paused and looked longingly at her; for one moment an expression of almost wicked joy lighting up his features, drawing the lines about his mouth into depraved curves; but that passed away, and with a gentle, almost fatherly air, he drew up her face, and, looking into her eyes, he whispered:

"Teresa, may I dare to hope that you will some day forgive me, as I freely and willingly forgive you?"

The girl suffered him silently to put his arm about her shoulders; and although the touch made her shiver again as if with cold, yet she laid her face against the rough vest, and with a sigh, she said:

"We will try to take up our burden, and see if a whole life will make restitution."

The man showed no great joy, his bitterness was too great. It would be many months before he would be capable of feeling anything akin to joy.

"My girl, it's no use; I can see through your little subterfuge, you just talked that way to pave the way for your great forgiveness of my own sin. And I feel cowardly and mean to accept of your devotion, for I know you could get many better, worthier men than I. Indeed, I shall not allow you to do this thing until I have told it all to your father and mother and hear what they say about it. But, dear, it can't but fill me with a deeper, fuller love for you. You are far too good for me."

The girl did not deny, nor did she seek to palliate his crime. She only said:

"Marvin, men and women don't know how they can love, till they are tried to the core. I don't know how I will feel twenty years from

now, for I can foresee the life we will have to live; looked at with eyes of scorn and contempt. And everything that can be said against us will be said. I know that our sin in a measure, your sin of action and mine of acquiescence, will go before us to judgment, and blacken every sky, no matter how bright the sun may shine. But, as I feel now, and I think I know myself, I will choose the life of sorrow with you, rather than the life of anguish without you. And, dear, I really believe I can help you, and perhaps save you from yourself. And oh, how precious you are to me."

The man got up on his feet, as if to put a stop to the half-joyful, half-fearful, and wholly painful interview, and looking into her eyes, as she stood up beside him, he said slowly:

"I shall pray every day of my life, and I want you to pray it too, Teresa, that God will provide a way for me to make atonement for this sin while I am still in the flesh."

"I will pray," she said simply.

The father and mother consented, and were consulted, and although the mother strongly objected to allowing her daughter to enter upon such a shadowed life, yet the father said Teresa was of age, and she knew what she was doing, and he would not refuse his consent.

Months elapsed, and Marvin came once in awhile to see the girl he was to marry, alone; but, if he ventured to take her for a sleigh-ride, or to one of the simple shows or entertainments of the rustic neighborhood, he always asked one or more of the family to accompany them. He avoided seeing her alone at any time, and she quietly permitted him to have his own way, for she realized that it helped him to feel that he could thus, in a small way, show his real repentance, and the depths of his own humiliation.

The tongues of gossip were barbed with cruel stings and some Power seemed to make its sole work to be

the retailing of all these bitter tales to Marvin and Teresa. It almost goaded the young man to desperation; but Teresa would find a chance to whisper in his ear at such times as she saw the haunted look of misery change to one of fierce recklessness, she would find a moment to draw him aside and whisper gently:

"Bear it all; you have earned the lash, now take the blows. It is the only way. Be patient."

He would thus be cheered, although her own words were almost cruel, as if she, too, would seek to make him feel his load to the uttermost; yet he could but see the fervent love and silent pity which lurked always in the depths of her lovely, meek, blue eyes. And with many an inward groan, he would take up the cross his own hands had fastened to his bleeding breast, and go on with bowed head and silent lips.

In the spring, when the friendly gossips announced the birth of a fine, handsome boy to "poor, disgraced, Cynthia Barlow," the man fled to the canyons, and there for weeks he wrestled with his agony.

The Ward Teacher watched for his return, and when he once more was found at his mother's home, they came with the purpose of effecting, if possible, the marriage which was so clamorously demanded by Cynthia herself.

Marvin entered their presence with all the load of shame on face and brow. He sank down in the chair they placed for him, and only when the sister of Cynthia hissed sneeringly:

"He did come after all; I thought he was too big a coward," did he raise his eyes.

The look which he gave the woman had something divine in its gentle forgiveness for the merited insult. He had not wept and prayed and sorrowed all these months for naught.

And then the long and dreary trial

proceeded; and gossip, truth and opinions, were as dilligently aired and discussed as is usual in such cases.

The result of it all was, that although the Teachers had gone there with a private, although unexpressed determination to force the young man to marry the woman, yet they each one gave it as their decision, that if the young man would support and clothe the child all of its natural life, or until of proper age to support itself, he could, if he chose, refuse to marry the woman.

Men had been brought in, and although loth to testify against a woman, sufficient had been demonstrated to clear the young man in a degree.

And yet, he could never be clear in time or in all eternity; he knew that, and his brief experience had taught him that only the thoughtless and morally depraved, could ever escape the instant punishment which society heaps upon the sinner.

Months after this, Marvin and Teresa were married; the girl again suffering untold misery, that her marriage vows could not be solemnized before an altar of God.

She loved her religion and she knew its worth. This it was which caused her agony. But, she loved her lover too, and something within her helped her to bear with him the cruel misery. Indeed, it is always easy for innocence to suffer; it is conscious guilt which really suffers.

It was not to be wondered at, that even from the first, the little household should be a quiet, constrained one. No angry words of quick passion, no peals of laughter as quick and evanescent, ever surprised the silent walls. With the years, there came a certain, quiet, cheerful spirit, which seemed to brood with almost restful wings over the modest roof tree. It was as if bitter experience had mellowed the hearts and tongues of both the inmates, and filled them at last with quiet peace.

It was almost pitiful to see the tender, reverential air with which the husband treated his gentle wife. His whole thought seemed to be to make her as happy as mortal could be made under the circumstances.

When the children came, they never questioned the subdued atmosphere which surrounded them, but accepted it with the unquestioning philosophy of childhood, and never knew for many years why it was their home was so silent.

The young wife helped her husband to keep the law which had been made for him by the Ward Teachers. And the son of that other woman had bread and clothing, even if she went sometimes short. And while it hurt her sometimes to see the wilful extravagance and wanton calls upon her husband's resources which were made by that other woman, yet she never murmured, and even helped him to do all and more than she was asked to do.

The years went by, and one day her husband entered the door, and standing just inside, he asked her, his own eyes moist and sparkling:

"Teress, how would you like to see me go on a mission?"

The wife dropped her sewing, and with a startled look she replied:

"Why do you ask me, Marvin?"

"Read that, and you will see!" handing her an open letter.

It was indeed, a call to go out to the nations of the earth and preach the Gospel of love and salvation to all mankind.

He could not hide the proud, happy look which shone through his face like a light hidden only by its porcelain globe. He threw back his head as if to draw in a fuller, freer breath than he had drawn for many a long year.

"It looks as if the Lord was going to be merciful, don't it Tessie? And think of it! To go on a mission and speak the words of eternal life to the people abroad. To stand on a par

with any man in Zion. Oh, Teresa, it seems too good to be true."

He even laughed as he caught her up and kissed away the silent, dazed look in her eyes.

"Why don't you smile, dear, when I bring you such good news?"

There was not the first dawning of a thought to refuse this welcome call; only a pure delight that he had been remembered by God's chosen servants, and had been thus honored.

For some reason, although it was pleasing to her too, yet Teresa felt a sinking, deadly fear at her heart, and she actually broke out crying in her husband's arms, with a wild, uncalled for passion.

He looked at her as if to fathom the meaning of her unusual display of emotion; and then with the touch of a gentle woman, he stroked her hair and murmured.

"There, dear, don't take on so. I know you are glad and sorry both. I know, I know."

With what proud hands he brought her the heavy bag of shining gold which he got in exchange for their best city lot, and with what sorrowful pain did he extract therefrom the half portion, to give to the little nameless boy, who bore upon his wide brow and in the curved mouth, the portrait of his father.

He threw that gloom off, though, as soon as he could, and hasted with his preparations. It was not a week before he was ready to report at the President's office, and receive his blessing and be appointed to his field of labor.

All wives who are left with little, helpless children will know how the slow dragging months crept by for pretty, pale Teresa Grant.

All young men who have gone forth with a deep, abiding trust in God, and an earnest determination to do the best that in them lies while out on God's own errand, such can tell in a measure the thoughts, words and experiences of Marvin Grant.

Two years had come and gone,

and Teresa heard through the Bishop that her husband's release had been sent to him.

What loving woman cannot guess at the emotion which swelled like a full tide in Teresa's heart for the days and weeks that intervened between her and the happy return of her missionary husband. She seemed to have entirely outlived the sorrow and misery of their past, and to be ready to take up a new and more unselfish life than ever she had lived before.

She pleased herself with pictures of what happy times they would have in the cool, autumn evenings which were coming; she with the baby on her lap, showing him the pictures in the dropping coals on the hearth, while papa read and explained to them the beautiful words and acts of the Savior. Or, they would gather the children round the hearth, and while the pine logs sputtered and glowed with fervent heat, papa would recall for them all the scenes and experiences of that wondrous mission. He would look his children full and fearlessly in the face, knowing that God Himself had set the seal of forgiveness upon his past by this glorious, heaven-sent mission.

Teresa was so happy she could hardly live through the time. She laughed, and was merrier and gayer than ever she had been in youth. She felt like a bird let loose from a dreary, unchanging cage; and she felt that Heaven had some great blessing close in store for her.

Sure enough, one beautiful day in early September, there came the letter written in his own beloved handwriting, announcing that he had received word of his release, and that he would start for home in two weeks from that day. He told her, too, that he was not coming empty handed home, for he had succeeded in selling the title of the home his father had left when driven West with the pioneers, and that the honest man who now had possession of it had signified his intention of pay-

ing a fair price to the son for what others had taken ruthlessly. And so Marvin was just waiting to settle up this business and he would be home in a very short time now.

The days seemed to drag, and yet to fly. What weary, yet what happy hours Teresa spent in watching for that quick-speeding day of Marvin's homecoming.

How surprised he would be to see the baby grown to such a big three-year old; and their daughter, how tall and winsome she had become in these three years. Oh, there was so much to say; so much for him to see and hear.

Would the time ever pass?

One day it occurred to Teresa that if Marvin was detained like this, he ought to write and let her know. But no word came.

She was very foolish to think about it, but she gravely wondered why it was that he did not write, nor did she hear one word from any one.

She waited and silently bore her burden of silence and waiting for days and weeks, until nature herself protested, and she fainted away at her ironing.

Her eldest daughter remembered then how little the mother had eaten for two weeks, and when she brought life into the still form, she begged the mother to eat, for such a course would kill any one.

Then Teresa was decided. With a shaking heart, she sought the President's office, and asked for news of her husband.

President Young looked at her with keen, yet kindly eyes, and with a few sympathetic words, he drew the whole story from her. The whole, wretched, yet somewhat peaceful past was soon told, and then the President told her to come to him tomorrow. He would, meanwhile, inquire in every direction for her missing husband.

There was no telegraph connecting this Territory with the East in those early days, so all that could be done

was to inquire of others who had friends or relatives in that part of the country.

The next morning, the President found a little, shrinking, modest figure seated in his private office waiting for him, when he came in from his breakfast.

"Come here, Sister Grant." The President seated her by himself, and then looking her gravely in the eyes, he said: "I have made diligent inquiry for news of Brother Grant, but no one has heard of him since he wrote to the office that he had received his release and that he would return shortly, waiting only to finish up some business in Illinois before he took stage for home. This much you already knew from his letter to you. But my dear sister, I know you are a brave woman, and I want you to be brave, for I have had it revealed to me last night that your husband is dead."

The woman gave a slight gasp, and would have fallen to the floor, had not the President caught her and held her in her chair.

She did not faint, however, and after a few moments in which to recover herself, she begged him to tell her all he knew or all that had been revealed to him, for she could bear anything better than the suspense.

"I saw last night, while praying to the Lord about your's and other matters, I saw a large boat in the middle of a wide, slow moving river. The night was exceedingly dark, and men were scarcely able to feel their way from place to place on the deck of this boat. A man came up on deck with a small satchel in his hand, which seemed to be heavy, and which evidently contained something precious, by the way in which he guarded it. This man was followed by two others, who were anxious to conceal from him the fact that they were following him. This was easy to do, in the heavy darkness which hid their forms, and the noise of the pelting rain and puffing steam engine, which

covered the sound of their footsteps. The man with the satchel went up to the rail off the deck, and seemed to be looking out as if to pierce the horizon with his keen eyes. Suddenly, the two men sprang upon him. One tore the satchel from his hand while the other stabbed him, for he found his victim prepared to make a desperate resistance. It was no use, the knife was soon buried in the helpless throat, and as the body was flung overboard, the dying cry of the man was drowned by the quick cry of one of the men, "Man overboard." The murderer was safe enough, for the blackness of night swallowed up his crime and its evidence, and the boat ploughed on in the midnight gloom. Sister, I saw the contents of that satchel; it was gold pieces; and that man was your husband, murdered for his gold and flung overboard to conceal the fact."

Teresa never knew how she got home nor how she lived for many days after that. She moved around mechanically, for her little ones must be cared for, and she was still a human machine, if the life had all been taken from her soul. Yet, she could walk and still find an occasional word for her children. But she had lost the power to think or reason.

One sad day in late December, she received a letter from Captain Wheeler, of the boat *Mercy*, which ran between Keokuk and St. Louis. He told her that a man who signed the name of Marvin Grant had taken passage with him, and that when half-way across the river, the night being very dark and stormy, a cry of "Overboard" was raised; and although they had put back and hunted for an hour or two, no trace of the missing man was to be found, and they had reluctantly given up the search. He had endeavored to find his relatives, and at last learned from one of the passengers that the lost man was from Utah, and that he had a wife in that Territory. Accordingly, he was constrained to acquaint

her with the sad fact of her husband's accidental death, and hoped she would receive the letter in due time.

It was all so. She knew that as soon as the President had spoken to her. But it had not come with such force until now, when she read this bitter, cold, formal letter of the stranger.

She was a widow for all time. Widow in heart and widow in spirit. Oh, God, was there any comfort for such as she!

Months of agony dragged over her ever aching head and heart, and she felt as if she had almost lost faith, hope and even reason itself.

When in the very depths of her trouble, she was surprised one day, to see the carriage of the President drive up to her door, and she hurried out to meet him.

President Young leaned out from his carriage door, and holding out his hand he clasped her cold, thin fingers in his own genial, warm grasp, and looking kindly into her tear-washed eyes, he said meaningly:

"I want you to get ready to come to the Endowment House next Thursday, Sister Grant, and have your own endowments, and then be sealed to your husband. When we have a Temple, you can have the rest of your husband's work done for him, and then all will be well with you and with him. What do you say?"

It flashed all over her then. Had not she and Marvin prayed for years, one constant, heart-felt prayer: "Oh, God, let Marvin have a chance to make restitution for his sin this side of the grave," and He had heard and answered that prayer.

But oh, not this way, had she thought it would be answered, not in this way. Murdered! and in cold blood! Not in this way!

But with a silent, stifled groan, she thanked the President with husky voice, and promised to be

there to do what could be done to make restitution for the past.

"God was very good, Sister Grant; your earthly loss will be your eternal gain." And he pressed her hand with solemn, heartfelt meaning. "You lose him here, that you may find him there."

She watched the carriage drive away, and with one short cry of pain, she flew into the house and wept a flood of half-joyful, yet altogether mournful tears.

No one has ever heard Teresa Grant laugh since that time. But she is ever quiet, peaceful and kind. Her life is one silent prayer. Her name is known for good, and her children have arisen in respectable, useful manhood and womanhood, and they call her blessed.

Sometimes she sits in her open door, with a sad smile upon her lips and a far-away gaze in her eyes, which look out on the afternoon sun; and the children will whisper. "Grandmother is dreaming of the time when she will be with grandpa in heaven," and they creep away as did their fathers and mothers before them, leaving the gentle heart to its own sad, yet blissful dreaming.

"Vengeance is mine, and I will repay." She reads it in His holy Word, and then she watches closer her own blessed ones, seeking to guard them from slipping from the right path, by ever so slight a fall. She leans upon the promise of God's holy prophet, that when she gets into eternity, she will find that her beloved husband has paid the whole of his sad debt with a life of useful and noble labor, with its ending of martyrdom and repentance.

Ixion.

WHY THE JELLYFISH IS BONELESS-

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

EVERYBODY knows that the jellyfish is destitute of bones, on which account it is "kept down" in life;

yet none pretend to say why these creatures should be so unfortunate. The difficulty, however, was long ago cleared up in the minds of the nature-loving Japanese. It is the subject of one of their fairy tales which only lately are beginning to be known to other nations. Following is the story in brief:

"The king of the dragons, who had lived for a long time as a bachelor, decided to get married. His bride was a young dragonette just sixteen years old and very lovely. All the fishes, both great and small, came to pay their respects to their queen." Soon afterwards the young queen was taken so seriously ill that all the physicians admitted their inability to effect a cure. The queen told her husband that she thought her health would be restored by eating the liver of a live monkey.

The king was much perplexed at this, for as dragons lived in the sea, it was extremely difficult for them to obtain a monkey, and so he told his wife. The queen would listen to no objections, however, and wept, saying she wished she never had left father and mother. His majesty was alarmed at this and immediately sent his servant, a jellyfish, across the sea to the "monkey-land," in quest of a monkey.

Now a jellyfish of the modern type would be of little use on such an errand; but in those olden days they were provided with eyes, fins, bones, and even legs by which they were enabled to move about on the ground. Thus they were then more highly organized than other fishes. Without much trouble the servant found a monkey in a tree, and forthwith proceeded to interest him in the land of the dragons, picturing in glowing terms the reception that would be given him should he make a visit there.

The inquisitive monkey soon consented to be borne across the deep on the back of the jellyfish. When

well under way he began seriously to reflect that maybe all was not right—certainly a total stranger would not make promises such as had been made to him without having some object in view. Therefore, with a cuteness for which his kind is famous, the entrapped monkey began a confidential conversation and learned the reason for which he was wanted. To his companion he then said, "Why didn't you tell me so before? as nothing would suit me better than to be of service to your queen. I would in that case have taken my liver with me. Our liver being rather heavy, we monkeys hang it up on the top of a tree when we are playing, and

I see no other way than to go back and get it." So the jellyfish, wishing to obtain the liver, a monkey without one being useless, returned. Upon reaching the shore his burden leaped again up a tree, and told the imperial messenger that he had best return without him.

The baffled servant returned to his ruler and told all that had happened. The king was so greatly enraged at his foolishness that he ordered him whipped until every bone in his body was broken. Thus it is, according to the legend, that jellyfish have no bones, and thus a once favored race of fish has fallen to atone for the misdeed of this one simple individual.

R. V. C.

FOLKLORE OF YUCATAN.

Not the least fascinating of studies connected with a people is that of their various superstitions, beliefs, fairy tales, and legends, and the practices connected therewith, that constitute folklore. Every people either now believes or has at some earlier time believed in the existence of remarkable beings of various forms and propensities, and that certain acts and appearance of objects, both in animate and in inanimate nature are forebodings of good or evil of some special kind.

This is due to the fact that in every human mind there exists a tendency to explain away every thing. If a thing cannot be explained in a natural way, then almost invariably a super-natural explanation is given. Even the best themselves give way to this tendency—thus, Cuscaites, being unable to assign any function to the purial gland in the brain, made the startling statement that it was the seat of the soul!

Evidently, then, it would be the most natural thing in the world for ignorant men commonly to ascribe mir-

aculous beings as the causes of natural phenomena. The poor, simple-minded savage does not see why a man should die, unless killed by someone; consequently, he thinks death must be caused by some invisible demon—a death god. So, too, being ignorant of the working of natural laws, he concludes that the rain, the draught, the thunder, and the ripening of fruits are caused by personages of extraordinary powers.

These he gives names, and around each there soon gathers a host of tales, which, being changed and added to little by little, ever become more wonderful as they spread and pass on from generation to generation. Thus arises folklore. Of course all myths do not arise in this manner; many of them are founded on facts, which in time have spread and become greatly changed in the manner stated.

It is surprising that many investigators have not been attracted by the field of American mythology; for it is truly one very fertile and one promising great results to the student. Yet very few have been

so attracted, notwithstanding some who have studied it, declare that the mythology of several tribes rivals "those of Greece and Rome in many respects."

It is the purpose of this article briefly to discuss some of the superstitions, and tales of magic and witchcraft that have gathered about the melancholy inhabitants of Yucatan. Be it understood, however, that by no means is all known. The long oppression put upon these nations by the Spanish priests, and the scoff and ridicule they usually meet at the hands of those "whites," in whom they confide, has made them very reluctant in telling to any but their fellow-countrymen the stories in which they unwaveringly believe.

In Yucatan at the present time the Indians believe in the religious rites, witchery and sorceries of their ancestors almost as firmly as they did at the time of the conquest, notwithstanding their long contact with Christians. Priests still chant prophecies of the future; prayers and sacrifices still are offered up to the native deities; the people still fear the frightful demons and alluring maidens of the woods, and wonderful tales are still told of witches and magic as of yore.

The Mayan magicians are called "h'men" (wise ones). Each is provided with a "zaytum"—what we would call a peepstone—fitted through various ceremonies for the purpose, by means of which he can peer into the past or future, tell the location of lost objects and do other miraculous things. There is a magician with his zaytum in every town of any importance.

To the h'men are attributed many great powers, one of the principal and most tenaciously held being that they can at will change themselves into various animals. Even foreigners who have lived there have been led into this belief. "The English priest, Gage tells with all se-

riousness a number of such cases." (Brinton.)

These magicians are thought to have to some extent an influence over such things as the rain, the winds, the maturing of grains and at certain times "masses" are held when they perform certain rites and call upon the gods; and the people make offerings. Failure to do this on the part of anyone at the planting season is looked upon as a thing fatal to that man's crops. Many instances of such results having followed are given by the believers.

The magic power is also possessed by women—these are witches. Following is a witch story that was told to Berendt. It is intended to show that salt is a preventative of the witches' power. It is paraphrased from a literal translation by Brenton, Berendt having written it in the Mayan tongue.

"There was once upon a time a man who married a woman whom he did not then know was a witch. One day he said to her, 'mix two measures of salt.' After she had mixed the salt she said, 'Why dost thou desire this.' One night the man awoke and saw his wife go out, then he took his ax and secretly followed behind her to the wood. When they arrived at a little meadow, there being a bright moon, the man hid himself in the shade of a great seiba tree. The woman threw her garments behind her, standing naked in the face of the moon; then she stripped off her skin and remained mere bones. Then she ascended to the sky. When she came down again she said to him, 'wouldst thou that thou couldst rise to the sky?' But when she attempted to arise again she could not because the man had scattered the salt."

By far most of the deities and sprites are evil ones. Those known as "Balams" are, however, benevolent. It is they to whom the offerings are made, and whom the h'men petition to send rain and other bless-

ings. A group of them—usually one for each cardinal point watches over every town. Frequently they engage in desperate struggles with evil beings. The injury occasioned by hurricane and storms the people attribute to these battles. The Balams are great smokers, and in the eyes of the natives, shooting stars are but the stumps of immense cigars thrown down by their gods.

Legions of wicked monsters and goblins are thought to haunt the woods. During the night one dreaded giant enters the towns and catches those who happen to be out late, hence his name, Ua ua pach (Giant Graby.)

Che Vune is a frightful giant, dwelling deep in the woods. He is without joints in his body, from which circumstance he must always remain standing, while resting, leaning against a tree. His feet instead of being placed in front are turned backwards. The only means of escape possible to one who has chanced to meet this man of the woods is to execute ridiculous motions and jigs which make him laugh so heartily that he falls down, and, of course, on account of his singular structure can not get up again.

There are various household creatures. In the night time one little fellow makes noises similar to those heard in the house during the daytime; another creeps about terrifying the inmates; and another makes itself obnoxious by crawling into different household vessels.

The Yucatans or Mayna have their nymphs. They greatly resemble their Greek and Roman sisters, also these bewitchingly lovely deceivers, it is said are often seen in the woods combing their flowing tresses at the springs and pools. Being espied they flee but finally allow themselves to be caught. No sooner, however, are they embraced than they are transformed into a thorny bush which painfully lacerates the deluded pursuer and invariably brings upon him

a fatal fever. Other similar members of the female sex are told about.

Animals, as among all Indian tribes, play a very prominent role in the beliefs of the native Yucatans. "Beasts and birds and fishes fetch and carry, talk and act, in a way that leaves even Æsop's heroes in the shade, while a mysterious and inexplicable influence over human destiny is often accorded to them."—(Bancroft). From the movements and actions of animals, priests draw conclusions concerning future events just as did the old Romans. In the natives' eyes beasts are frequently forms that men have taken upon themselves. It is widely believed that men have certain animals "which they take unto them as a familiar spirit, and think that when that beast dieth they must die; when he is chased, their hearts part, nay it happeneth that by the devil's delusion they appear in the shape of that beast."—(Gage.)

As is the case among so many people; so it is among this one, that the owl is held as a presager of disease or death to an inmate of that house upon or near which it alights.

One wicked sprite is in the form of a bird, which perches upon high places and drops stones upon people who may chance to pass near.

One of the most dreaded of all the imaginary horrors is that known as the Ekoneil. It is described as a large black snake, having a broad, flattened tail. Crawling into houses at night it covers the nostrils of a nursing woman with its tail and sucks the milk from her breasts" (Brinton.)

A being is said to rule over every animal species. Each being has his governmental headquarters at a particular place, where he is ever ready to listen to wrongs done against his subjects and in some way to avenge them. Oftentimes a hunter in following an animal too far suddenly finds himself in its home. He is always promptly arrested,

brought before the king, and punished very severely for the charge against him.

Crotalies.

GETTING ON IN LIFE.

Among the different kinds of ability which it is possible for a man to possess, we are inclined to rank as highest that peculiar, nameless, almost indescribable talent which enables its possessor to successfully get on in the world. Every one knows what is meant by this fortunate intellectual possession, but very many, if not all, would be more or less puzzled to accurately analyze or describe it. It is not, we fancy, so much any one single endowment that is thus designated, as it is a singularly happy combination of traits and qualities, relating to both mind and heart. But whatever it is or may be, in itself, it certainly is a very valuable mental condition or attainment.

Human ability in general can be divided into a number of kinds which legitimately receive their own distinctive and proper names. For example, there is the speculative or philosophical cast of intellect; the ability to think long and connectedly upon abstract truth or propositions; the ability to investigate and discuss intelligently the higher range of questions and topics in physical, mental and moral science. Then there is the poetical talent; the power to see visions of beauty and phases of truth in the scenes and events of ordinary life, and the power to express these in easy, flowing and melodious rhymes. Then there is the executive talent: the power to manage well large and critical enterprises; the power of handling men and facts; the power to carry a scheme or purpose or plan into immediate or telling effect; the power to "run things" generally, or make them "go." Then again there is the ingenious, inventive talent; the capacity for making discoveries in

science, mechanics and the useful arts; the power which makes a man fertile in expedients and leads him to contrive all sorts of articles for ornament or use, or for both combined. Then there is the ability to write, which all authors and editors are supposed to have; the ability to sing, play and compose, which is the peculiar characteristic of musicians; the ability to imitate and personify, which belongs especially to actors; together with a hundred other kinds which we will not now attempt to enumerate. But this peculiar talent for getting on in life, is not any one of these mentioned, but is rather a mixture of a little of each and all of them.

Envy is fixed only on merit, and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

Let us not with rash judging thrust all into the pit of hell whom we find walking near the brink.

Experience unveils too late the snares laid for youth; it is the white frost which discovers the spider's web when the flies are no longer there to be caught.

We must despise no sort of talents; they have their separate uses and duties; all have the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.

Our natural and happiest life is when we lose ourselves in the exquisite absorption of home, the delicious retirement of dependent love.

The man who does not overcome ennui by occupying himself, soon tries to fly from it by intemperance. The idle man is almost necessarily vicious.

The memory of a beloved mother will often warm the heart and sway the life of a strong man as her presence never did when, as a boy, she yearned over him.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS' COLLEGE.

NEXT YEAR'S WORK.

WITH the opening of the next school year, Monday, September 14, 1896, the institution takes its place upon a new level, that of the college proper, with high school associated. The courses have been improved and extended, so as to meet all the demands of Utah's growing educational sentiment. Young men and women of ambition for advancement in knowledge and ability, will find all facilities for such advancement in the Latter-day Saints' College. This will be shown by a brief epitome of the work to be done.

As now constituted, the school will consist of four distinct branches; 1, the College proper; 2, a High School; 3, a Commercial School; 4, a School of Music. Of the first two, chief attention during the coming year will be given to the high school. This course will be open to those who have graduated from the eighth grade of the primary school, or are able to pass full entrance requirements. The work of the high school extends four years beyond the eighth grade, and includes a complete course in theology, (historical and doctrinal), with thorough work in English, science, mathematics, language, history, and psychology. This may be justly regarded as one of the best high school courses prescribed in Utah. It meets all the requirements of knowledge and culture, providing, as it does, full work in all requisite branches, and all necessary opportunity for the cultivation of the mental faculties. Pupils who complete the course will have a broad, sure foundation for any work, scholastic, professional, or practical, which they may desire to pursue thereafter. It constitutes a good, ordinary education in itself.

On completing the high school course, students will be given certificates of graduation from that department, admitting them to the

Freshman year of the College course, with one-sixth of that course credited to them for the high school theology. The remaining one hundred hours of the course may be completed, with the exercise of reasonable diligence, in three years of steady application. These hours are so arranged as to leave to the student a wide range of choice in the selection of his subjects. On completing this course, the student will receive the degree Bachelor of Philosophy (Ph. B.), which has been established as the Latter-day Saints' College degree. This degree will be equal, in dignity and the extent of its requirements, to any degree offered in the State. During the coming school year the college work will probably not extend beyond the Freshman year. The two departments named will occupy the Eighteenth Ward Seminary Building on the corner of Second and A streets.

In addition to the two regular departments described above, two special departments have been established, the Commercial School and the School of Music. The first of these will occupy the building formerly used by the College, at 223 W., First North Street. It is the intention here to give a thorough course in business methods, extending through two years. The work will be individual and practical, each student performing his labor independently of the others, with the direction and assistance of the instructor. This individual work in bookkeeping and kindred branches is found to be the only adequate means of developing skill and thoroughness in commercial transactions. Practical business methods will be explained and insisted upon in all the students' work. In addition to bookkeeping complete courses will be given in commercial law, arithmetic, business correspondence, banking, phonography and type-writing. These courses are so ar-

ranged that the student completing them, will be fully prepared to enter upon active, practical commercial work.

The School of Music will be closely connected in location and work with the high school and college departments. The work will come under three divisions, harmony, instrumental training, and vocal training. While only the foundation of these departments will be laid during the coming year, it will be laid so broadly and deeply as to prepare for the most complete and thorough work in the future. A special and important feature will be the training of young people to become teachers of music in their own towns. The most promising students of instrumental and vocal music and harmony, will be selected for special instruction in methods of teaching, etc., with the view of fitting them for the important work of improving the musical standard throughout Utah.

The faculty for the coming year has been made up with special reference to the work to be done. In the high school and college departments, the following efficient specialists have been employed: Willard Done, D. B., who will give his entire attention to theology; W. H. Chamberlin, D. B., B. A., who will conduct the work in mathematics and ancient languages; John M. Mills, who will conduct classes in Book of Mormon and Spanish; Levi Edgar Young, B. S., who will give his entire attention to English and

brief courses in history and pedagogy; James L. Gibson, B. S., who will devote his time to the natural and physical sciences; and Bertha Wilcken, who will conduct full courses in ladies' work and German.

The commercial school will be in charge of Joseph Nelson as principal, who will personally supervise the entire work of the school, and conduct the courses in bookkeeping and commercial law. He will be assisted by John M. Mills in phonography and typewriting, and George Tristram and Matthew A. Miller, assistant instructors in bookkeeping, arithmetic, etc.

The school of music has been fortunate in securing as its principal, John J. McClellan, for the past year instructor in piano, pipe organ and harmony in the University School of Music, Ann Arbor, Michigan. His reputation, now almost national, has been well earned, and places him in the highest rank of Utah musicians. He will have charge of all the regular classes of the school, giving some of his attention to private instruction in his specialties.

Besides the teachers here named, various specialists and lecturers will be engaged as demands arise. With such courses and such a faculty, there can be no doubt of the success of next year's work in the Latter-day Saints' College. Each month the College Department of this magazine will contain an epitome of the chief work done in this institution, especially such as is of interest to the general public.

JOHN STEVENS' COURTSHIP.

A TALE OF THE BUCHANAN WAR.

XI.

THREE weeks after the ball in the Social Hall, the two girls were at a rag-bee at Aunt Clara Tyler's. There was the usual light gossip,

and jolly laughter, and as was always the case at Aunt Clara's home, everybody felt unusually kind and pleasant. Dear Aunt Clara had the faculty of making everybody feel

desirous of doing and saying the best that was in them.

"Did you hear that Tom Allen and his girl are to be married at last?" asked Sister Hattie Jones, who was busily threading her needle.

"You don't mean it?" answered Rachel Willis, "I really thought he was going to play off on her and marry Ellie."

"I don't know how you could think that, Aunt Rachel," said Ellen, a trifle sharply; "I have never had the least notion of trying to cut her out, and my friendship for Tom was of the most platonic nature, I assure you."

Mrs. Jones saw she had made a mistake, and to cover her confusion, she began on another subject.

"Our Henry says that these soldiers are getting pretty impudent around here. He says he has seen an officer riding around this Ward in a sleigh every night for the last three weeks. And he says, too, that this stranger had one of our girls with him, for he saw her get out one night, and he declares it is one of the girls in our Ward. But he won't tell who; he is going to get a better look at the girl, he says, before he tells anyone who it is. I declare I don't see what our silly girls are thinking of, to run around with these devils, who would ruin them as quick as wink, and then if they felt like it, they would shoot 'em besides."

Diantha looked in quick alarm at Ellen, the moment this story began, and she saw with infinite alarm the sudden flush which spread over her friend's usually pale cheek, and with the quick intuition of love, she divined that Ellen was the guilty girl. What on earth could she do?

The talk drifted on and on, and Diantha listened and kept her intent, loving gaze fixed upon the drooping eyes of her beloved friend.

They walked home together, and Ellen talked with rapid garrulous-

ness, as if to prevent a single word being said by her companion.

At last, when they reached Ellen's door, in the frosty, dim twilight, Diantha said as calmly and as indifferently as she could:

"I believe I'll come in, Ellie, and stay all night with you. You and I haven't had a good talk since Christmas."

"Well, all right. But," the girl added hesitatingly, "I'm afraid we'll have to sleep three in a bed, for mother has put Alice to sleep with me tonight."

"Never mind," cheerfully responded Diantha, resolved not to be balked in her endeavor to know more about her friend's walks and ways, "I can easily do that, for I have to do it at home, whenever we have extra company, and you and I don't mind crowding a bit."

The girls hurried up to their own room, soon after the evening work and prayers were over, and Diantha looked in vain for a third bedfellow. But she refrained from asking where the invisible Alice was, for she instinctively felt that Ellen had lied to her to make an excuse to prevent the talk Diantha had resolved to have with her friend.

Dian was a wise girl, and she felt instinctively that it would not be prudent to urge herself upon her friend's confidence. So she chatted on other topics, and they were soon undressed and quietly in bed.

For some reason, Dian felt unusually wakeful, and she lay for some time awake, with a curious feeling, a sort of expectancy of something, or somebody, which made the chills of uncomfortable fear race up and down her back. But at last she fell asleep, trying dimly to account for her strange sensations, and wondering vaguely who was coming.

Sometime in the late night, she awoke, not as if startled, but the moment she was conscious, she was wide awake, and in perfect control of her faculties. That not sudden, but

complete instant wakefulness which comes to mothers with sick children, or to men who watch their homes and loved ones in times of danger.

She wondered for one brief instant why she was not in her own room, and then it flashed over her. She reached out her hand, and although she was in some way curiously prepared for it, she found her companion not at her side, and she felt all the shock of surprised dread which that discovery would necessarily entail.

She laid still a moment, trying to persuade herself that Ellen had gone downstairs for a drink, or that she had gone into the children's room, for some purpose, and at last she called out softly:

"Nellie, Nellie, dear!"

No answer came, and she was about to get up and find a light, when she heard the front door open, and directly after, the sound of hurried, muffled footsteps running up the stairs to her room, and she knew instinctively who it was.

"Ellen," she said at once as soon as the door opened.

"Yes," came the breathless answer, from out the darkness.

"Where have you been?" was Dian's rather stern question.

"Down stairs after some oil. I have a sore throat."

That was the second lie her friend had told her that night, and Dian knew it would be useless to try to learn anything further, for further questions would but bring more lies. And she dreaded to hear another one. It hurt her so, that her beloved Ellen should feel it possible to tell lies to anyone or for any purpose.

Dian could hear in the darkness the swift motions of the girl unrobing, and she rashly tried another question.

"What on earth did you dress for, Ellie, just to go down stairs after oil?"

"Would you like to run all over

the house such a bitter cold night as this without any clothes on?" sharply asked Ellen.

Dian lay still after that, realizing how hopeless it was to think of probing the confidence of the girl she had driven away from her by her own seeming carelessness and neglect.

Dian's thoughts were bitter and remorseful. She could see now how at times she had paid little attention to the affectionate girl by her side, and how often she had allowed their confidences to remain unspoken when she herself was absorbed in some other more congenial pursuit. She saw, too, that her own thoughtless selfishness—was it selfishness? She hated to admit that, yet it forced itself upon her—then, yes, her selfishness had driven Ellen to seek for friendship and confidence where it was given freely. As to who had gained this confidence, even Dian dared not think.

Neither of the girls could sleep, both were too agitated for repose. But neither felt to break the restrained silence between them.

"I heard today at the rag-bee, Ellen," said Dian at last very gently, "that John Stevens was coming home from that trip into the north country. And if he is here tomorrow night, we will have him over to our house, and have a candy-pulling."

"You'd better have him all to yourself, Diantha, for that will please both of you, and I guess it will hurt nobody else."

Ellen spoke in so low and so bitter a tone, that Dian felt unable to say anything more until she had fathomed the reason for such anger.

"What has John, or what have I done that you should speak like that, Ellie?"

"Done, done nothing, I guess!" still bitterly. "But it didn't require any smartness or particular discernment to see what was going on between you two at the Christmas ball. I can see as far through a mile stone

as any one else, as your sister-in-law Rachel so often says."

Diantha was silenced.

What could it mean; Ellen Tyler sarcastic, bitter, and deceitful. What did it all mean? Diantha laid quite still, but for hours she could not sleep. Her past life and her own faults came before her with startling vividness and she felt that in some respects she had been a sorry failure. She hated herself for all the thoughtless disregard for other people's feelings which had at times hurt her best friends.

And what about Ellen? One thing Dian knew, and that was that Ellen had really liked John Stevens, and what with her bitter anger and her sarcasm, she concluded that Ellen was jealous of her. Jealous! jealous of her.

And what then? What had she done to make her jealous? To think that they two should be at loggerheads over big, silent, red-bearded John Stevens. She herself had always openly declared that she never could love a red-haired man. Well, John's hair wasn't exactly red, it was a rich brown, any one could see. But his long silken beard; as she thought about it, it really seemed to her that it was not red, either. It was gold; the gold she had read about in the few novels she had found.

As she reached this point, the girl beside her, sighed a deep, heavy, heart-sad sigh, which struck Dian as very unusual, especially with sunny Ellen Tyler.

What was Ellen sighing for? Oh, yes; she was jealous of her and John Stevens. Well, what would she, Diantha Willis, do about it? She resented the suggestion which came into her mind, that she would show forth fruits meet for repentance for all her past selfishness by now being supremely unselfish, and giving up every hope of John Stevens.

Then there flashed into her mind the attentions which that wicked

soldier had paid on the sly to Ellen, and now that she thought of it, why, of course that was where Ellen had been tonight. And that was the reason she herself had felt so queer when she awoke. Ellen was in danger, and the inspiration of the Spirit had warned her of that friend's danger. Ellen had been out with him, that was where she was. Now that she was in possession of the whole fearful secret what should she do?

Another deep sigh by her side made Dian turn swiftly over, and putting her arms around the girl, she drew her to her and as Ellen burst into a fit of passionate, uncontrollable weeping, Diantha stroked her hair and soothed her without asking questions or attempting to pry into the confidence of the sobbing girl. Diantha knew that forced confidence is never full nor satisfactory.

Ellen sobbed herself to sleep, after which Diantha did some very serious thinking. She made her decision at last, and then with a deep sigh from her own heart, she fell into a broken, restless sleep, which morning broke with a glad release.

What that resolve was, was shadowed forth in her next meeting with John.

It happened that as she came out of the house to attend her Sabbath services the next Sunday, she found tall, silent, John Stevens on her doorstep, with a peculiar look in his eyes and a very fine new suit of homespun grey clothing his tall form.

"Oh," she gasped. Then, as if with a sudden impulse, "Come on, I am going to get Ellie as I go along. She must go to meeting with us this morning."

Now, as John had not seen Diantha since their memorable ball, and as he had certainly expected to get a greeting all his own without the mention of anybody else, he saw occasion to be very much surprised, if not a little annoyed. But as usual

he said nothing, and they walked along, Diantha laughing with a quick, gurgling sound, as if she were either very happy or as if she were trying to conceal some undercurrent of emotion.

John chose to interpret her looks and manner to mean a rebuff for him, but he was slow to anger, and not easily disconcerted, so they strode merrily along the frozen path.

Ellen was very much surprised to see them enter her door, and she refused at first to go with them to church, as she had not made ready therefor, nor did she care to go.

Diantha refused to hear any excuses, and herself carried Ellen upstairs, to hurriedly prepare for the services.

As they approached the old, but then new Tabernacle in the southwest corner of the Temple block, they could hear the organ strains accompanied by the united voices of the choir, as they sang for the opening hymn. They were too late to enter until after the prayer, and so they stood outside on the step, and as they stood there, they saw several officers approaching the door as if to enter the sacred building.

John at once stepped up to them and inquired casually:

"Can I be of any service to you, gentlemen?"

"We wish to attend your divine service this morning," replied Captain Saxey, "and we presume it will not be offensive, as we merely wish to hear your beautiful choir, of which we have heard so many complimentary things."

"Certainly, sir, you will be welcomed." But out from John's eyes there flashed a gleam of hatred and suspicion towards one of the officers who lingered in the background. It was no other than Captain Sherwood. Sherwood caught the look and was at once on his guard; with consummate skill, he directed his glances and his whole attention to

Diantha. She returned his looks of admiration with cold, proud contempt, and she even went so far as to force herself between him and Ellen as they all passed up the aisle.

John saw Captain Sherwood cast glances of warm admiration towards Diantha Willis, and he saw, too, that she forced herself in between Ellen and Sherwood as they passed up the church; but he failed to see the expression on Diantha's face. What wonder that he drew a wrong conclusion? After that his whole thought was centered upon the watching of this ugly, handsome soldier, and he heard nothing of the eloquent sermon preached by Apostle Heber C. Kimball. Before the services were half over, the officers all withdrew, and John quietly took up his hat and followed them out. He never left sight of them until they were mounted on their horses and well out of town.

John wondered what they had come into town for, but he was sure of one thing, and that was that Diantha Willis had once more changed her fickle mind.

Well, John was as proud as he was silent, and he stroked his beard with long, gentle passes, as he reflected upon life and its meaning for him.

The weeks flew by, filled with excitement, parties, false rumors of danger, and then again a few days' quiet would fill the city with needed rest and comparative peace.

Diantha kept so firmly to her resolve that John Stevens could not secure her hand even for a quadrille, she was always just engaged. She would not allow him to speak to her one moment in private, and this so successfully turned his attention to Ellen Tyler, that she breathed freely and felt that her sacrifice had been accepted and that her friend was saved.

The early spring had begun to clothe the towering mountain steeps

with spotted robes of brown, grey and green, and over the distant summits, the fleecy wind-clouds were draggled and torn as they trailed their white skirts over the sharp edges of the mountain tops.

Out on the hills peeped the lovely rare bulb, the pioneer children called buttercup, and here and there nestled the early, wild, pink star they called sweet williams; and rarer still, the tall, intensely blue bulbous flower that was known as blue-beil, hid its precious glory beneath the grey walls of its shrubby friend, the sagebrush. Everywhere the sego lily nodded with its golden brown heart and its delicate pouting lips of creamy white; while children ran and laughed and quarreled as they dug the mellow, luscious root they called in imitation of the Indian tongue, "segoes."

Boys began to drive the sheep from their valley winterquarters up into the bunch-grass covered hills; the herdsman in charge took possession of his mountain hut beside the cold, moss-covered spring, perched high up in the tiny valleys of the upper mountain peaks. Everywhere was heard the tinkling bell of the sheep, and the call of the sheepmen as they drove their dusty herds through the valley slopes. The low, dark-green pastures on the marshy lands began to throw up their mellow sweet juices into feathery wild oat stems, or filled the reedy grass with thin nectar for the few and very choice cows who waded around in the Jordan meadows with slow pleasure.

Down by the Jordan's banks, the boys who watched the cows through the early spring days, occasionally plunged into the cool water for a quick swim, longing for the hot summer days when hours could well be spent in the swiftly moving stream. And here and there a stray fisherman threw his rude line into the stream and occasionally caught a mountain trout, its speckled beauty

glistening like silver as he threw it upon the bank.

At break of day, the husbandman—and who was not a husbandman in those early pioneer times in these valleys—drove his team afieid, not the lush, mellow soil of the home he had left in the East, but the hard, uncultivated earth of centuries of sun-baked, rainless summers, in the bosom of the barren valley. He dug out the tall, grey-spiked sagebrush and huge flaunting sunflowers, and everywhere he trenched his land to train down upon it the cooling streams which gave life and fertility to the otherwise hopeless soil.

The first days of April brought the annual Conference, and everyone in Utah laid aside work and prepared to attend the great three days' meeting. Men in the city brought into their homes great stores of flour and food to feed the visitors who would tarry with them during the Conference. Women cooked meats and pastry, washed and ironed sheets and quilts and filled all the extra straw ticks to make down beds in every spare corner to accommodate their usual country visitors.

For many miles on all the country roads could be seen teams of all descriptions wending their way to Conference. A few horses, some mules, and often great ox-teams plodded their way cityward. Men, women and little children cheerfully and gladly left homes and comforts to take chances of any kind for the privilege of attending the prized services of their religion.

The yard of the Tithing office was filled with teams and wagons of every sort, while men hurried about feeding stock, and women hurriedly prepared clothing and food for the hungry multitude gathered here. Children ran about, playing hide-and-seek, or chased each other over the wheels and wagon tongues grouped about in semi-confusion.

It was rather a cold and damp time, and so the old, then new,

tabernacle was well warmed for the people gathered in this first morning in happy groups. What garrulous exchanges of greetings there were as brother met brother and sister greeted sister. Months, perhaps years had elapsed since they had seen each other. Here was a family just come over from the old country standing up between the benches to greet the throng who crowded around them to shake their hands, for they were always good to the "Elders" in England, and every Elder wanted to take them by the hand and introduce them to his family. How quaint the old English pronunciation sounded on those newly imported English tongues, and how queer the children looked with their little bare, red arms, and their low broad-toed shoes, and white "pinafores." And how it made the native children laugh to be told by these recent importations to "give over now, give over." And how the "Elder" would smile and smile as the jolly mother of the new arrivals would recall his tricks and ways while amongst them. And how his merry eyes would sadden and fill with tears as he heard the story of "our Mary" who had gone astray in spite of all teachings and who had to be left behind to her own sinful ways. What great slaps were bestowed upon broad backs as Brother So and So came up behind Brother What's His Name and thus announced his pleasure to greet his old time friend.

As John Stevens entered the well warmed and cosy building a few minutes before the meeting was called to order, his eye involuntarily became brighter in sympathy with all the merry confusion and bustle which he witnessed all around him. Everybody standing up and talking to everybody else, while on the distant "stand" the leading Elders were indulging in the same friendly and informal greetings. Crops, the weather, babies, death, marriage, sermons, soldiers, war, the millennium, new

homespun dresses, carpet looms, shoelasts, prospective sawmills and the best recipe for cooking dried serviceberries, all these topics buzzed in endless variety and confusion around the well-filled hall.

Now, all eyes are turned as the Prophet Brigham is heard from the stand calling for the people to come to "order," and instantly all voices are stilled; the groups at once settle down into regularity, and the hearts and thoughts of the whole congregation are upon the lips and words of the beautiful opening prayer by Elder Orson Hyde.

As the choir began its second hymn, John turned in his seat to see if Diantha and Ellen were in their places in the choir. Yes, Diantha stood there with her lovely form clad in its classically, simple gown of brown homespun, fitting her like a molded glove, while the glorious eyes and scarlet lips were as beautiful as ever. He looked at her so long, and as she was unconscious of his gaze, so earnestly that he forgot to look for Ellen.

After the hymn was over, however, he remembered Ellen and he soon saw that her place in among the altos was vacant. Where was Ellen, he wondered, she was always at meeting. Since the two girls had joined the choir, at the invitation of Prof. Thomas, some eight weeks ago, neither had missed a Sunday.

John addressed to himself some very severe reflections, and as his mind left his own affairs and became partly absorbed in the sermon which Elder George A. Smith was preaching, he gradually became conscious that he had formed a resolution. That resolution was to forget Diantha Willis just as speedily as possible.

Now, this was a thing which John had never before contemplated. In all his past associations with the girl, no matter what coldness nor neglect nor what discouragements he had experienced, he had never for one mo-

ment despaired of some day winning her for his wife. He knew intuitively something of human nature, and besides that he had felt in the depths of his own soul a whispering assurance that the girl belonged to him, and that his claim on her was one which had existed before they came to this earth. Therefore he had quietly gone along, never seeking to urge himself or his attentions upon her nor indeed upon any girl; he had concealed from her as from every one else the secret of his preference, and he had lived for years with the hope in his heart which made his daily sunshine and sweetened his every night vision. Yet, now without hardly a consciousness on his part, he found himself forming what seemed an invincible resolution never again to permit his thoughts or his love to go out to this girl who had given him at one time plain encouragement and who had since for no reason whatever, turned to him a colder, prouder face than she had ever done in the old days before she had guessed at his secret.

He sought, with the old Puritanic inheritance of self-investigation, to fathom the cause of this resolution. He found his mind distracted entirely from the sermon which had been so interesting, and involuntarily he turned around to look at Dian herself to see what expression she had now upon her face, and to see if perchance her looks might have had something to do with this strange decision.

She looked as serene, as unconscious as a statue. Her face was slightly weary as if she too had lost interest in the sermon, and her thoughts were on something else. But she did not look at John, and even if she knew where he sat, she seemed to avoid meeting his gaze.

As John's gaze left her witching face, and his eyes traveled over the choir seats, and he observed Ellie's vacant seat, and then he felt suddenly that Ellie had something to do

with this decision. What and how did Ellie effect this?

John was not an impulsive man, his thoughts were deep and rather slow in their movement. He allowed his mind to play upon this thought which had come to him, and it seemed to him that a veritable inspiration came to him that Ellie was in danger, and that she needed him. He had no superstitious notion that he could hear Ellen calling him, or that is the way he would have put it himself; yet if he had been a more imaginative man, he would have said that he could hear her voice in his soul pleading with him for help in her hour of extremest peril.

However it was, he was so strongly impressed that he struggled as long as he could to restrain the feeling which gave him no peace, until finally he arose and went out of the meeting, and hastened down to the home of the Tylers, and inquired for Ellen.

Aunt Clara was at home, getting dinner for the rest of the folks who had gone to meeting, and she answered his knock at the door.

"Ellie, why, she is not well this morning, and she is still in bed. She did not sleep much last night, and her mother told her to lie still this morning, and she could perhaps go to meeting this afternoon."

John sat and chatted awhile with his old friend, Aunt Clara, but he did not mention the dreadful impression which he had felt that morning, for he kept telling himself what a silly thing it was for him to give way to such notions.

He heard from Henry Boyle that Ellen was at the afternoon meeting, and he added that fact to the scolding he had administered in the morning to himself, and told himself that there was plenty of time to try and persuade pretty Ellen Tyler to accept him and his home as her future destiny.

Sunday morning Ellen was at her

post in the choir, and John hurried home from meeting at noon to make arrangements with a friend to take his place in the evening so that he could spend that Sunday night visiting with Ellen, and perhaps asking her to marry him.

All the afternoon, he gently forced his mind to dwell solely and wholly upon the real sweetness and charm of pretty Ellen Tyler. He fancied what a dear little wife she would make and he drew all sorts of domestic pictures of what home with such a dear little wife would be. He knew she was good, true, lovely, and although weak in some points, he was sure that marriage would give her all the strength and force necessary for her perfection as a woman and a saint.

As the chill evening closed in that Sabbath night, and the city was stilled of all its Conference bustle, for Conference had been adjourned for six months, John Stevens hurried down to spend the quiet evening hours with Ellen Tyler. He had resolved to ask her to be his dear little wife, and if she happily consented, he should insist that no delays of months or even weeks were necessary, but the sweet June month not far away with its rose-blown days, and its fragrant, mellow nights should see their wedding day with its glorious promise and loving reality.

"Well, Aunt Clara," he said to that good lady, "I am here again, you see. Who comes so often as I do?"

"No one that is half so welcome," she answered gently, with her kindly smile. "Come right in, John, and let me take your hat."

"How are you all, Aunt Clara, and I suppose I may as well out with it, where is Ellie?"

"We are well, John, and so is Ellie. She got over her little sick spell all right, and went to meeting yesterday. But she is not at home tonight, nor she won't be for a few days. Her mother let her go home

with the Alford's, who live in Provo, you know. Brother Tyler being away of course leaves all the responsibility on Aunt Jane as to the children. But I felt a little sorry that Jane let Ellie go, for somehow, I don't like our girls away from home these times. Howsomedever, you know I can't always have my way, and Ellen teased so long, and she promised to be back inside of two weeks, so that her mother let her go."

"Where did the Alford's stay, while they were here, Aunt Clara? Did they put up with you?"

"Oh, no; you know we had all of Jane's folks from Davis County, and we had eight of the new arrivals from England, some folks that Brother Tyler told to come here; they had been so kind to him while he was in England before they left."

"I wonder where the Alford's did stay, then?" asked John uneasily.

"I aint sure, but I rather think they camped in the Tithing Yard; you know they have a good wagon, and they are pretty independent and would rather do for themselves than to stay with anyone, unless it was a brother or sister."

John picked up his hat with his usual slow, decisive motion, and refusing all Aunt Clara's warm invitations to stay awhile and chat with her, he left the house; and with his usual, long, swinging strides, he was soon out of the gate, and on his way to the Tithing Yard.

He did not stop to ask himself why he was going there, for he knew that most of the teams which had encamped there would be gone several hours ago, on their hurried way for home, so soon as the Conference was once closed.

Yet, he walked as rapidly as was possible to him, and he told himself that all he hoped to find out was what hour the Alford's left, and who else was with them beside his pretty young friend, Ellen Tyler.

It was a dark night in the early spring, and once inside the yard he

made his way through the mass of debris and over outstretched wagon tongues to the campfire, burning brightly in a distant corner of the yard.

The children were sitting with sleepy, bent heads upon their mothers' knees, listening with all but unconscious ears, as one or another gave the company the benefit of some imitation of Yorkshire dialect, or spun a yarn in canny Scotch.

As John approached the group, he noted one face with a positive start.

"James Alford," he called out, unable longer to contain himself, "I thought you were now on your road to Provo. I was told you had started this afternoon; and also, that you had Ellen Tyler with you, who was going with your wife and daughter to make a short visit. How is it I find you here?"

"Well, Brother John, you find me here because I am not there. And I did not start, because I was not ready to start. And I haven't seen your precious young friend, Ellen Tyler; no more has my wife nor girl Maggie, I don't think. And what's more, I am wondering why it is you are so particular to know. Are you going to marry that fine young woman?"

"Where is Sister Alford?" asked John in a low tone, unheeding his friend's raillery.

"She is just now gone to bed in the wagon. Here, Maggie," he called at the side of the wagon as he led the way for John, "Here's John Stevens huntin' up pretty Ellie Tyler. He thinks I be after her for a 'second,' I guess, and I want ye to tell him I aint agoing to try to put a spoke in his wheel in this case."

"Sister Alford, have you seen Ellen today, and do you know whether she went to Provo with anyone else?"

"Why, Brother Stevens, I saw Ellie yesterday, and she told me she was going to go with us down to Provo for a day or two. But she hasn't been around today, and I thought maybe she was wanting to

get a bit readier, so I asked James to wait all night and we would go down to Tyler's in the morning on our way out of town, and pick Ellie up. Have you been down to her house? I guess she is there all right."

John said a few hurried words, and then hastened away in the silent night, leaving the Alfords with a little wonder on their minds, but no suspicion of anything serious.

He remembered that Ellen often stayed at Willis's over night with Diantha, and he would go there before he gave way to the horrible doubts and fears that were seeking to over-master him.

His knock at the door was answered by Diantha herself, and she held out her hand to John with a pretty attempt which began at serious coldness, and which ended like an invitation to forgive and forget.

But John did not see her outstretched hand, he was too full of other emotions to even see the welcoming sparkle in her blue eyes. He merely took off his own hat and asked laconically:

"Is Ellen Tyler over here?"

"No, I haven't seen Ellen for weeks, that is, only at a distance." Her manner was cold at once. He had come hunting another girl.

But John's next words dispelled this coldness, and communicated to her something of the excited fears which tore the breast of the man before her.

"Diantha, Ellen Tyler left her home this afternoon just after meeting, telling her mother and the folks that she was going to Provo to spend a fortnight. She took her clothes with her, and bade them all good-bye. She is not with the Alfords, who are still encamped in the Tithing yard, nor is she at home nor here. Where is she?"

Diantha looked with fixed, widening eyes at the pale face before her, and she repeated slowly and mechanically, as if too stunned to think:

"Where is she?"

(To be continued.)

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ABRAHAM H. CANNON.

A SAD day was the nineteenth of July, just past, to the youth of Zion; for, with the breaking of the dawn on that day, one of their noblest exemplars, one of their ablest friends, one of the highest possible types of youthful integrity and righteousness, passed away from mortality. ABRAHAM HOAGLAND CANNON, whom the readers of this magazine have especial cause to love, is no more. Two weeks of severe illness which kept him to his bed, preceded by several days of agonizing pain which would have more quickly prostrated and discouraged almost anybody else, is the brief record of his last illness. As if his indomitable spirit was glad to be released from its tired tabernacle of clay, he went bravely and uncomplainingly to the end. Kind unconsciousness came several hours before the last, and the sorrowing loved ones who surrounded the bed could not but be grateful that at least the closing moments of that courageous and busy life were free from such struggles as the nature of the ailment and the undaunted spirit of the sufferer would have appeared to promise. His end was peaceful—a fitting and welcome termination to a young life of unremitting toil and activity.

Abraham H. Cannon was born in this city on the twelfth of March, 1859, and received the best opportunities of education that the country afforded, though at a comparatively early age he preferred to leave school and begin practical life in the workshop. The days he spent in the old Church carpenter shop on the Temple Block, were followed by nights devoted to the study of arch-

itecture. In the trade and the profession he had scarcely become adept when, having but recently married, he was called on a mission to Europe. Naturally of a pious turn, he obeyed the call with joyful promptitude, and on his return, nearly three years later, he was recognized as having opened several new fields in Germany, baptized many new members, and performed altogether a mission of distinguished success. He was soon thereafter chosen one of the general presidency of the Seventies, a position he retained until October, 1889, when he was called and ordained to be one of the Twelve Apostles.

Though seventeen of his thirty-seven years of life were thus actively spent in the ministry, he found time for the exercise of his talents in many other directions. He had a fine business mind, being prudent and sagacious in large affairs, while scrupulously exact and observing as to the details of every enterprise with which he was identified. In the vast realm of commerce he seemed to be entering upon a mighty career, having concerns in hand with which the hopes and destinies of the whole community were closely wrapped up. As a publisher, no man of his years among our people had ever done so much. In addition to his large share in the control of the *Deseret News* establishment since 1892, and his sole management of the *Juvenile Instructor* and other publications issued from that house, he assumed some years since the proprietorship of the CONTRIBUTOR, and to it he continued to give his most devoted care up to the very last. Indeed, when upon his deathbed and when experiencing only momentary gleams of consciousness, one of his last requests was that the writer of this sketch, who was watching by his bedside, would read the last proofs of the July number of this magazine and return them to the printer in order that the delay in publication

might be shortened. The incident is a type of his whole character—thoughtful of every interest entrusted to him, unselfish as to himself, industrious and energetic, almost to the point of unwisdom in caring for his own health and comfort.

Though the earth received his pure, cold tabernacle many days ago, the writer feels still unable to realize the loss which has been sustained. But the heart is too heavy to admit of the multiplication of words concerning him. He was a loving, true brother, a valiant, consistent friend, a virtuous, upright Saint—an honest man. May his rest be sweet; and may all of us who loved him in life—whether brothers, relatives or friends—be so blessed as to be granted a glad reunion with him in eternity.

J. Q. C.

AN INVITING FIELD.

RECENTLY a correspondent writing from a northern county in this State to a Salt Lake daily paper, advocated the establishment of a woolen factory in his own county, suggesting that the capital necessary might be raised by assessing each adult male in the county \$1, the assessment, of course, to be made voluntarily.

Granted that the collection of such an assessment should be undertaken and successfully accomplished, it by no means follows that the woolen factory would prove a success. Another element would still be lacking, and it would be quite as indispensable to success as capital; namely, the ability to manage the business.

It is doubtful if in the county referred to there could be found a single man sufficiently qualified to assume the management of such an enterprise, or if such a man resides in the county, it is absolutely certain that he already has his hands full of business. The fact is that one of the chief obstacles to the success of such enterprises as woolen mills and other

similar institutions, is the lack of practical, thoroughly qualified men to manage them.

Utah is abundantly supplied with physicians, lawyers, and other professional men, many of whom find it difficult to earn such an income as will enable them "to keep up appearances;" but the State today is suffering from a lack of practical men of affairs; men who have good business tact and ability; men who have had experience in practical finance, and who are qualified to assume the management of industries and enterprises of a character to furnish employment and create wealth.

The greatest benefactors of the race are the men who accomplish most for its enlightenment, comfort and civilization; in other words, who lead out in the organization and establishment of plans and enterprises that result in crystalizing the labor of the working classes in combination with the elements of nature, thereby forming tangible, permanent and substantial wealth.

Here is an inviting field for the young men of Utah, by qualifying themselves in practical business and finance; to lead out in organizing plans that will provide employment, create commodities for export, or increase the substantial wealth of our own community. They will be accomplishing more good than will likely result from their efforts to acquire and practice what are called "the professions."

Books that furnish instruction upon this subject and lines of employment, calculated to impart talent of the sort above spoken of, ought to be preferred by the young men of Utah above almost any others to which they could give their attention.

This people are pre-eminently a practical people; they are destined to lead in all departments of thought and labor that are calculated to advance the highest interests of man-

kind. And aside from strictly religious subjects, not one has a higher claim upon their thought than that of practical finance.

Do a favor rather than receive one, if you would be free.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot bear the least impurity without washing it off; it is a precious stone in which the slightest defect detracts from the value considerably.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasure and of making one's self beloved is to be cheerful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.

A wilful falsehood told is a cripple not able to stand by itself without another to support it. It is easy to tell a lie, but hard to tell only one lie.

SEVEN SERMONS.

I.

"When doctrines are approved by reason, they cease to be doctrines of revelation and the first step towards infidelity is an attempt to rationalize dogma."—*Cardinal Manning*.

Which means to say that there is no connection between religion and common sense, that religious doctrine is purely a matter of faith, apart from that highest of God's gifts to man, his reason; that religion is something mythical, foreign to life's realities, and not to be understood by the common process of thinking.

Perhaps Cardinal Manning's religion consists of such doctrines, but the gospel of Jesus Christ is altogether a different thing. If there is anything which appeals more forcibly to the reason, and can stand more of its searching light, I have yet to find it.

"Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord."

II.

"I keep the way of my parents. If they were wrong Heaven help me! For He knows I can worship no God from whose face they are banished, nor hope for any heaven from which they are excluded."—*Jewish Argument*.

Heaven needs to help one who has no more light than to make such an argument. "My father's religion is good enough for me" only

when that religion is the true one. "What has saved my parents will save me. I want to go where they are" is the argument of the Christian as well as the Jew.

What if Abraham had made such an argument, and held to the ways of his fathers who were worshippers of idols and knew not the true God? I ask the Christian if Christ ever made such an argument? Did he not teach men to forsake the ways of their fathers and enter into the new light? Also, ye Protestant, what of Luther, of Calvin, of Wesley?

But the whole trouble lies in the false notion prevalent among men that salvation is limited to this world. Could they see that every soul will be judged according to the light given, and that saving grace is extended to all of God's creations, of which this mortal world is but a minute fraction, they would not be so afraid to accept light which their parents had no chance to get.

III.

"Real science is truth in its sphere. Real religion is truth in a different sphere. Any number of notions respecting either may clash with any number of notions respecting the other. But science and religion—not particular "notions" in regard to them—are not, cannot be, antagonistic. Such a conflict is made inconceivable by the laws of thought."—*Christian Leader*.

All truth emanates from God, be it found in the rock, in the flower, in the ray of light, or in the words of holy writ. What has in the past seemingly been a conflict between science and religion has arisen from the fact that science is imperfect and religion has been corrupted. When they are both perfected, it will be seen that they are but two branches of the same stream, which stream flows from the throne of God.

IV.

"In anything like a genuine religious life creeds are an accident, not an essential. The main matter has to do with each man's own personal and independent responsiveness to divine idea and experience of divine influence, and with that secured, secondary interests can be, in a large measure, left to care for themselves. It was not till the enthusiasm of the early church had somewhat abated that men began to substitute doctrinal paragraphs for personal love to God and loyalty to his service."—*Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.*

Let us see. "When the day of Pentecost had fully come, they (the Apostles) were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." Acts ii, 1-4.

Surely, even Dr. Parkhurst will not deny that there was a little enthusiasm still left in the church at this time. Was not, in fact, this bestowing of the Holy Ghost the climax of spiritual outpourings in the early church? What the Apostles taught at that time can surely be taken as coming from God. At such a time, under such an influence holy men of God would not teach false doctrine to a seeking multitude, neither would they trifle with things that had no essential part in the salvation of souls.

"But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice" and

preached a sermon to the assembled Jews who were astonished at what they saw and heard. After he had told them of Christ and pricked their hearts with the word of God, the multitude cried unto them: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Had Dr. Parkhurst made the answer he, no doubt, would have said: "I see that you have faith; that is enough. Within you is aroused a 'responsiveness to divine idea.' You have now had an 'experience of divine influence;' the rest is secondary and may be left to yourselves. Each follow wherever your personal ideas lead, and you will be right."

But Peter had another plan, something more definite, a law of binding principles, which all had to receive if they received Christ and his teachings. What was it?

"And Peter said unto them, *repent* and be *baptized every one of you* in the name of Jesus Christ for the *remission of sins* and ye shall receive the gift of the *Holy Ghost*." (This latter ordinance by the laying on of hands.)

Surely, again, if we go to the early church for an example, Dr. Parkhurst must be wrong. If not, what the Apostles did on that day of Pentecost in teaching and baptizing three thousand souls must have been a lot of unnecessary foolishness.

V.

"The so called 'plan of salvation' is based upon the ruin which was caused by the single historic mistake. Soften it as we may, it really amounts to a technical makeshift which God contrived after the defeat of his original plan.—*Henry Wood, in Arena, May '95.*

Mr. Wood has reference to the fall of man and the plan of redemption as taught in the Scriptures. The "historic mistake" was the fall of Adam and the "technical makeshift" was the Gospel plan.

Does Mr. Wood know anything about God's original plan" being defeated? Does he know what that

plan was? Where does he find anything to prove that the fall of man was not in that plan?

But perhaps Mr. Wood may be excused for making such an argument, from the fact that what religious teachings he has heard on the subject laments the fall of Adam and blames him for bringing an undesirable condition into the world. Would these investigators believe that the communicating of heavenly truths to earth did not cease nineteen hundred years ago, they might come to a clear understanding on this subject.

Modern revelation tells us that "Adam fell that men might be; and men are that they might have joy." It also teaches that God explained to our first parents the object of their earthly mission and showed them His providence in regard to the human family, and on learning it they praised and blessed God for it all.

The fall of man was an absolute necessity; first, for the giving of mortal bodies to the spiritual children of God, and second, for the evolutionary process essential to man's development into a perfect being. This life's school is a necessary experience; without its sin, its darkness, its pain, its sorrow a perfect understanding could not be had of truth, of light, of pleasure, or of joy.

That the whole grand scheme was seen, understood, and fore-ordained of God is certain from the fact that Christ was the "Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world."

VI.

"God forgive me! but I've thought
A thousand times that if I had His power,
Or He my love we'd have a different world
From this we live in."

A most beautiful thought containing a gentle criticism of God's providences. A child cannot fully understand the doings of its parents. God is our Father. His ways are so far above our ways that our limited comprehension fails to grasp

them. God sees from the beginning to the end. We see through a glass, darkly. When we arrive at that state when we shall see eye to eye with our Father, then will we look back on our experience and thank God that we did not always have our way. Then shall we see that all was for the best, and that always "Behind a frowning countenance He hides a smiling face."

VII.

"There is hardly a family to be found that has not lost some loved one who died outside the church—outside the plan of salvation, and, if Calvinism be true, outside of all hope and inside of eternal torment and despair. We smother our feelings and turn away from the horrible picture. We dare not deny the faith of our fathers, and yet can it be possible that the good mother and her wandering child are forever separated?—forever and forever?"—*C. T. Smith.*

Certainly, the condition of such believers is deplorable. "The faith of our fathers" teaches that if a child, an innocent babe dies without being received into the church by baptism, it is doomed to suffer the torments of the damned, away from fond father and mother, to wander with the hopeless forever and forever.

Such "faith of their fathers" they dare not deny. Superstition's chains are strong. Who, without the help of God, can break them? Such unfortunate flounder in the net of the evil one, and much as they struggle to be free they are held securely in its horrible grasp. What a contrast in the latter-day gospel! What glorious hope in the newer revelations of God! A child is innocent before God and the law, it says, until it arrives at the age of accountability. Children are redeemed from the foundation of the world through the Only Begotten, and Satan has no power to tempt them to sin.

What infinite sorrow and despair would cease if the world would but believe in God now as it believed in Him eighteen hundred years ago.

Nephi Anderson.

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